

Wonder

by Clockworker

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Summary: The events follow down the main story line but with the mix of OCs, so with the butterfly effect active who knows what will happen, what will change and how big of an impact it will have on and who? Read to find out.

## 1. Chapter 1: The Dynamic Duo

**\*\*First I want to say that this story will follow the HTTYD story line but with the mix of several OCs. So how will that affect the story line, I don't know quite yet but please bear with me!\*\***

**\*\*But keep in that the butterfly theory is in effect, meaning Hiccup might not be the one to kill the Red Death or even lose his foot or might lose something else.\*\***

**\*\*But whatever happens I hope you will like it.\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, which belongs to Pixar. I do however own the OCs you will see.\*\***

**\*\*Now, please do sit back, relax and prepare for anything to happen.\*\***

**\*\*You have been warned.\*\***

...

This place is Berk; it's about two weeks north of hopeless and several degrees south of freezing to death and its location is directly in torture. Well that is if you aren't a Viking. The village, in a few words, sturdy and has been here for about seven generations; however every single building is new. From homes to the black smith to even their public bathing area, they all look no older than a few months. Local activities include fishing and hunting with a charming few of sunsets.

The only problem in this vacation resort island is the pests.

Now most places would have to deal with rats, mosquitoes, or even vultures. Berk, however, hasâ€¦|

"DRAGONS!" The shout came from outside, followed by a loud bang and a bright flaring light that could be seen by everyone in their homes.

Most people would leave; smart people would leave and never look back. But, well, the inhabitants are Vikings, as mentioned. Most aren't the brightest and almost every last one of them have an issue with stubbornness. And with losing, that's worse. However there are two people in the village who are different from the rest of them, and their names areâ€¦|

"HICCUP, ROTSSEN!" Stoick, the clan leader of the Vikings of Berk, shouted.

Two small teen agers ran out of separate houses. The one closest one was Hiccup who was 5ft and being 14 of age. He had moppy brown hair that nag just over his forest green eyes and half his ears. He had the average clothing for any Viking, that is if you weren't skinner than any normal Viking teen, which was a green tunic under a leather body warmer and brown leather pants with fur boots. Another thing that separated himself from the average Viking would be that he was heir to the name of chief for his clan.

Farthest away was Rotsen who was several inches over 5ft and was 16 of age. He had dark raven hair that, unlike Hiccup's, was long enough to cover one of his dark brown eyes. He had on his normal attire; a black tunic with long sleeves, dark brown leather pants and dark fur boots. He held onto his bamboo staff his father gave him when he was younger, before he disappeared.

When the two finally got to Stoick, who just finished barking other orders, and boy was he tense "Hiccup, get to the forge! Rotsen, act like the other teens and get those fires out! Now!"

The two scurried off, knowing better than too argue with the chief.

The minute Hiccup stepped into the forge he was assaulted with an arm full of broken shields, "There ye are lady, now start on those," Gobber, the Blacksmith of Berk and Hiccup's mentor, was limping around the forge happily Yelling at the occasional dragon that flew too close.

"Dip stick!" Snoutloud shouted as he handed Rotsen an empty bucket "Fill that up!"

Rotsen sighed as he ran with the empty bucket and his staff towards the small water supply in the middle of the village.

As he ran there he ran towards the forge, meeting Hiccup inside.

"Aren't you supposed to be out there and being a real Viking?" Hiccup joked as he was banging dents out of a shield.

You see the two Vikings have known each other for a few years now. They met when he and his mother came to Berk, looking for a new home when they were sent as outcasts from their own village. The two became quick friends.

"Since when am I Viking?" Rotsen half joked as he tossed a fixed shield to Gobber.

The blacksmith was use to Rotsen's appearances to the forge. So use to it that he gave him a part time job as Hiccups assistant and never bothered with him when he snuck to the forge during a dragon attack.

Gobber didn't pay attention to the boys after the toss. He instead suddenly took with a happy yell, swinging his club/hand around in the air like a mad man when a sharp whistle pierced the air.

"NIGHTFURY!" That had both the boys moving to the window just in time to see the large black figure against the moons glow, before the dragon turned and shot plasma bolts at the village.

The two boys looked at each other. Hiccup raised an eyebrow, asking his best friend a silent question. He returned with a wide eyed head shake. That was until they heard another plasma bolt, which the friend quickly shrugged, and nodded quickly. The two boys were now running out of the forge and heading for Hiccups newly invented machine.

"Hoist me up," Hiccup asked before Rotsen boosted his friend into the platform that held a giant looking crossbow.

"Don't think it's going to workâ€¦" Rotsen said negatively as he placed a net trap into the thing. He helped Hiccup make it and knew his friends aim wasn't the best.

"It will this timeâ€¦ it just has too."

Rotsen crossed his fingers as Hiccups aimed and fired, hitting its mark. The two looked in disbelief as they watched the Nightfury fall into the forest.

The two looked at each other in disbelief, excitement overcoming the two. Hiccup jumped down from the platform and started to cheer. Rotsen grabbed his friend into a headlock, giving him a noogie.

The two broke up when two large hands separated the two. The teens looked at Stoick in slight fear.

"Hey dadâ€¦" Hiccup trailed off with a slight smile.

"You were supposed to be in the forge, why are you out here?" Yep Stoick always had his priorities right when it came with his son. Some are you hurt? Did you get hit? But at times when he's furious he'll inquiry as to why he wasn't at the forge.

"And you," he turned to Rotsen, gripping at his staff tightly "You were supposed to douse the fire. How come I found both of you out here?"

"Well, you seeâ€|" Rotsen trailed off, looking for an excuse.

"We just wanted to capture the Nightfury," Hiccup blurted. He did have the most courage out of the two of them when it came to his father "and we did. It landed just,"

Stoick stopped his son with a disappointed sigh "Both of ye, get to the Great Hall."

The two nodded as the large man let them go. The two teens trailed down the path towards the Great Hall, ignoring the glares coming from a few of the other teens.

When the two were out of ear shot Hiccup spoke "We have to look for that Nightfury."

"But how? I mean, by sunrise it would have been long gone. Besides, we can't send a search party cause of your dad."

"You're right, but it's worth a shot."

The two opened the doors as Rotsen gave a sigh, shaking his head in defeat "One of these days you're gonna be wrong."

The two laughed, enjoying the little joke until a large figure walked into the Great Hall. The two quickly sat down at one of the tables, waiting for Stoick to reach them.

Stoick looked down to both his son and his son's friend, giving them both a disappointed look that only a father can give.

"Rotsen, why weren't you getting buckets of water?" Stoick asked slowly and calmly, gaining the teens attention.

"I was distractedâ€|"

"By whatâ€|?"

"Wanting to lend a hand in the forgeâ€|" He slightly lied. He didn't want to help Hiccup with the repairs since he didn't really enjoy the teens, mostly Snoutlout in particular.

"And how come both of you weren't in the forge?"

"We wanted to capture the Nightfury with our," Hiccup was again cut off by his father.

"Honestly boys, why do you have to make it so hard? Can't you both be like the other kids and do what ye' supposed to do? Hiccup, would it kill you to stay in the forge and listen to Gobber? And Rotsen, I know your still knew to the working style of the village but your mother readjusted and so should you by now."

"Yes sirâ€|" the two said in silence, not looking at the chief as they both walked out of the Great Hall, knowing the drill.

â€|

"Where are we going?"

"To find that Nightfury!"

The two were walking through the forest, looking for any signs of the Nightfury they fired not long ago. The sun was hovering over the horizon, giving the two teens more than enough light to look for any signs.

After a while of looking Hiccup sat down on a rock, dangling his head in his hands, saying "Uggh, the gods must hate us. Some people lose their knife or their mug. No, not us. We manage to lose an entire Dragon?!"

"Uhâ€¦ Hiccupâ€¦"

"Not now Rotsen, we are still at the bottom of the food,"

"No, look!" He grabbed his friend up from his rock and directed him to look at the Nightfury, tied down in ropes and letting out a soft growl.

"Whoaâ€¦"

His friend nodded in agreement. A dragon, with the blackest scales they had ever seen was wrapped up in the net of rope and metal they used for their contraption. The two approached the dragon cautiously when they realized an important thought.

"Hiccup," Rotsen whispered "this could be your chance, to actually be a somebody."

"Your rightâ€¦ but what about you?"

"My chance will come someday, but need it more than me."

Hiccup chuckled, wanting the small joke to calm him down. He knew he'll have to kill the dragon, that way he'll be favored by his father and not the runt of the village.

"I'll cover you if anything happens." Rotsen said, patting his friend on the shoulder.

Hiccup nodded, taking out his small but sharp knife and walked over to the dragon. Green/yellow eyes looked pathetically at Hiccup, and a soft whining started in the creature's throat before it close its eyes in a sort of resigned way.

"I'm going to cut your heart and give it to my father," The boy whispered and he stepped forward but the whine stopped him. The boy bit his lip. He didn't want to kill the dragon, and he knew his friend couldn't do it either. Neither of them wanted to kill. But they were Vikings. He kept whispering that under his breath and lifted the knife, hearing Rotsen gasp and could sense him looking away.

But he couldn't do it.

Instead he started to saw through the ropes quickly. His forest green eyes darting to Rotsen, asking for cover. He returned with a nod,

keeping a look out now. The ropes fell away but before Hiccup could act the dragon pounced at him and held him down with a paw over his chest. Rotsen jumped down from the small hill he was standing on, ready to risk his life to save his friend.

He stopped in fear though as the Nightfury stared down at him with green/yellow slit eyes. The teen stared back, his knees shacking, not knowing what to do now.

The dragon then ignored him, knowing he wasn't going to be a threat anymore and looked back to Hiccup. It was shocking though as the Nightfury wasn't hurting either of them at all. The dragon seemed to be studying him. Green/yellow eyes watching him closely and guarded but not hateful or dangerous. The dragon reared back suddenly and Hiccup brought his left hand to cover his face. The Nightfury roared in his face loudly before turning sharply and crashing away from the teens quickly.

The two stood their shakily until Rotsen rushed over to his friend. He helped him stand but he was still shaking. The dragon had let them live. Hadn't hurt them at all. Both of their bodies were shacking so bad that neither of the boys could use each other to support themselves.

"H-hiccup," Rotsen said shakily "we gotta get out of here before someone finds us with the rope."

His friend nodded as he picked up his knife and the two ran off to the village, not seeing the green/yellow eyes that followed them in the shadows of the trees.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Hope you guys enjoyed it, please leave a review, favorite and follow if you want this story to continue. Hope to see you guys in the next chapter!<strong>

## 2. Chapter 2: Dragon Training Day One

**\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, which belongs to Pixar. I do however own the OCs you will see.\*\***

**\*\*Heads up, the two conversations coming up is between Hiccup with Stoick and Rotsen with his mother so please try and keep up. Enjoy!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Rotsen walked into his house, still really jumpy after his and Hiccup's encounter with the Nightfury. He was so jumpy he jumped from the door frame when his mother spoke.<p>

"Where have you been?"

Hiccup leaned back in his chair in front of his desk. He was recovering from the Nightfury experience. He jumped when he heard his father enter.

"Hiccup."

"Dad, uhâ€¦" He tried cleaning up the few parchment that fell off his desk, covering up a few of his sketches as he did so.

"So, mind telling me where you went after yesterday's raid?"

"Uh, I was just hanging out with Hiccup." Rotsen said, not looking into his mother's eyes. She was short brown haired Viking woman that can stop any man or dragon when she gave them her evil eye.

She kept a small glare at her son, knowing there was more to it but ignored it as she went back to folding laundry. She had her back to her as she was about to speak.

"Remember when you said you wanted to go to Dragon training like the others?"

"Uhâ€¦ no,"

"Well you're going."

"Oh man," Hiccups said as he ran a hand through his brown hair "I should've have gone first. Uh, 'cause I was thing, you know we have surplus of Dragon-fighting Vikings, but do we have enough bread-making Vikings, or small home repair Vikings,"

"Son you need this, don't fight me on it." Rotsen's mother said, tossing him his blanket she finished folding.

"But mom, I don't want to fight dragons."

"Come on boy, of course you can. It's like gutting a fish."

"I'll rephrase that, I can't kill dragons!"

"But you will kill dragons." Stoick said to his son, about ready to leave his room.

"No, I'm really very extra sure that I won't."

"It's time Hiccup."

"Can you not hear me!?"

"Of course I can hear you," Rotsen's mother said, grabbing a bag from a cabinet "That's why I'm entrusting you to also watch the house as I go with part of the village to look for the nest."

"Mom, I really can't and won't do this."

"When you carry your father's staff you carry all of us with you. This means you walk like us. You talk like us. You think like us. And go down your father's path. Stop acting... like that."

"You gestured to all of me." Hiccup said as he gave his father a look.

"Deal?" Stoick asked his son, now heading out.

"This conversation is feeling very one-sided."

"Deal!?" His father repeat, looking down to his son, determination in his eye.

"Fineâ€¦ Dealâ€¦" Rotsen said, looking down at the ground.

"Good," Stoick said as he opened the front door "Train hard. I'll be back. Probably."

"And I'll be here." Hiccup and Rotsen said to their parents as they left. Right when they were sure they were out of ear shot they said loudly "Maybe."

\* \* \*

><p>"Welcome to Dragon training!" Gobber greeted everyone in open arms. Literally.<p>

The arena was a huge dome made of metal and wood. The top was closed off by barbed metal to stop the dragons from flying out, and the only way in or out of the area was through the large wooden doors. The two skinny teens followed their peers as they heard Gobber's greeting.

First was Astrid Hofferson the best Viking of their age, she was strong and a brilliant close combat fighter with her axe. She wore golden blonde hair in a braid with a fringe over her right eye. She didn't really pick on Hiccup or Rotsen, like most of the other Vikings, but she did have a very strong vision on what a Viking wasâ€¦ and the two boys were NOT a Viking in anyway. And whilst Astrid wasn't bulky or large she was taller and muscular than Hiccup but her size allowed her to be quick in a fight. She was carrying her axe that Hiccup had made for her, although she was unaware of that fact.

Walking next to her was Hiccup's cousin, and Rotsen's mortal enemy, Snoutlout, the boy was large and muscular, typical Viking teen. He loved to pick on the two friends, especially Hiccup. Always pushing the smaller boy around and beat him at times whenever Rotsen wasn't able to help him. He had a mega crush on Astrid and was always showing off, he carried a broadsword, again which Hiccup helped make.

Just behind them were the Thorston twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut. Like his cousin, both of them loved to play pranks and pick on both Hiccup and Rotsen. Like Astrid they were thin and not very muscled but they were ruthless and tough, like their names suggested. They fought all the time, over everything and anything. Both of them carried a doubled ended spear.

Finally Fishlegs, the boy was a typical Viking in built. Tall and large. But personally wise and completely different. The boy was soft-spoken and well mannered; he even spoke to the two boys politely, unless the others were around then he said nothing. He was nervously clenching his hammer.

"No turning backâ€¦" Astrid mumbled, taking everything in.

The twins started to grin madly as they lightly discussed getting scars and or burns on their bodies. Hiccup shuttered slightly, not



wanting any of them, as did Rotsen but he just shook his head in worry.

They stood in a line as Gobber started to walk down the line and back, saying "Before we get start I must tell ye' that there's a new lass coming to training from Sleet, it's close to Helhiem's Gate."

"Why did she come here then?" Hiccup asked loudly "That place gets way too many dragon raids, were just as worse."

"Why not ask her ye' self." Gobber answered with his crooked tooth smile.

As if on cue a relaxed but timid voice spoke up "Sorry I'm late sir."

Everyone turned to see a girl with curly dirty blond hair that reached down to her shoulders. She had emerald green eyes and she had pale skin, not something female Vikings would have. She had a bow and quiver strapped to her back. She had a form much like Astrid but slightly shorter. She had a purple tunic that held small metal shoulder pads; a red skirt much like Astrid's and scaled boots she used to run down the ramp and towards the group.

"No problem Luna," Gobber said, pointing her next to Ruffnut, a place for her to stand in line "Snoutlout, Rotsen, and eyes on me now."

Snoutlout brushed Gobber's comment; Rotsen however used a free hand to run through his hair in embarrassment.

"As I was sayin', let's get started!" Gobber said before any of the teens could shoot a comment at Rotsen, "The recruit who does the best will win the honor of killing his first dragon in front of the entire village."

"Hiccup already killed a Night Fury," Snoutlout announced in jest "So does that disqualify him orâ€|?"

The recruits laughed and chattered in the background, no doubt saying taunting things behind Hiccup's back, or discrimination.

Rotsen shouted back at Snoutlout, protecting his friend "What's wrong Snot? Think ol' Hiccup'll beat your ass?"

There were some stifled laughs coming from the recruits as Snoutlout glared at the raven haired teen.

"Don't worry," Gobber said cheerfully as he threw supportive arms around the two skinny teens and ushered them along "You're both small and weak. That'll make you less of a target. They'll see you as a sick or insane and go after the more Viking-like teens instead."

"Not exactly very helpful," Hiccup mumbled to Gobber as he stuck them both back in line with the others and continues on toward five massive reinforced doors. Terrible roars and bellows issued from within, giving the recruits a little rush of adrenaline.

"Behind these doors are just a few of the many species you'll learn to fight," Gobber started as he circled the team "The Deadly Nadderâ€|"

"Speed eight. Armor sixteen," Fishlegs, the resident dragon geek muttered.

"The Hideous Zipplebackâ€|"

"Plus eleven stealth. Times two."

"The Monstrous Nightmareâ€|"

"Firepower fifth-teen."

"The Terrible Terrorâ€|"

"Attack eight. Venom twelve."

"Can you stop that?" Gobber scowled in frustration at Fishlegs' interruption "Andâ€| the Gronckle."

"Jaw strength, eight," Fishlegs whispered, unable to resist, when everyone was caught unaware as Gobber pulled a lever, raising the cross beam on the last of the doors.

"Whoa, wait!" Rotsen reacted first, running towards Gobber "Aren't you supposed to teach us before letting us fight?"

"I believe in learning on the job."

"Figuresâ€|" both the skinny teens mumbled, knowing Gobber's methods of teaching.

So saying, a Gronckle thundered out of its cave, charging into the ring like an irate rhino. The recruits soon scrambled in every direction, following Gobber's instructions on survival and the importance of shields. Aside from the occasional twin sibling rivalry over what kind of shield they want, Fishlegs using more of his brain rather than brawn to get through the training, learning how to distract the dragon with noise while Luna was firing arrow after arrow at the Gronckle, not succeeding in piercing its tough rock like scales. Snoutlout was busy hitting on Astrid, figuring out the maximum fire shots a Gronckle has and the disqualifications one by one, the training was as eventful as it could ever be for first-timers. Astrid seemed to prove herself the better Viking as she, Luna, Hiccup and Rotsen were still in the game, though not much for the boys, as Gobber spotted Hiccup and Rotsen hiding from the Gronckle's molten slugs.

"You two, get in there!"

The two had no choice, Rotsen jumped out of his hiding spot before Hiccup, running towards the Gronckle with a shield and his staff in hand. When he was only a few feet away from the beast, it belched its fire shot at the skinny teen. Rotsen acted fast but not fast enough, getting sent flying across the arena, toppling Luna and breaking Rotsen's shield.

"So, I guess it's just you and me, huh?" Hiccup asked Astrid,

standing by her awkwardly and trying to look cool.

"No. Just you."

Without warning, Astrid rolled away. A split-second later a lava slug knocked Hiccup's shield clear off his arm. Hiccups was soon exposed. Panicking, he chased after his shield as it rolled across the ring. The sudden movement sent the Gronckle after him, leaving Astrid in the clear.

The Gronckle drove straight towards Hiccups, pinning him against the wall. A flash of the Nightfury pinning him down went through his mind. Almost immediately, the color was drained from his face and he started hyperventilating. Hiccups braced himself as the Gronckle arched its head slightly back, ready to fire, but the hit never came. Instead he saw both Gobber and Rotsen hook the Gronckle by its jaws and wrestled it back into its cage.

"And that's six!" Gobber said in irritation from the Gronckle "Go back to bed. Ya overgrown sausage! You'll get another chance, don't you worry," He slammed and locked the pen and turned to the recruits "Remember, a dragon will always," he looked sternly at Hiccup, not realizing how rattled Hiccup was, "\_always\_ go for the kill."

Without giving Hiccup time to fully register and recover, Gobber hoisted him up to his feet and walked off, telling everyone to take a break before the next lesson. Hiccup looked over head to see a steaming pit in the wall, final lung realizing how close to death he was.

Rotsen patted his friend on his shoulder, trying to convert him. It relaxed Hiccup for a moment before they both shared the exact same expression, both thinking the same question.

Why didn't it then?

\* \* \*

<p>"So why didn't you?"<p>

The two skinny teens were back in the forest, studying the remnants of the discarded bola. The two didn't know or why they decided to come back after their near death experience

Hiccups dropped the bola and pressed on in the direction they last saw the Nightfury ran off too. They followed the trail of broken and fallen branches and tress and randomly scratched and chafed stones the Nightfury left behind and they led him into a rocky crevice. They dropped into it and continued to follow it to an isolated cove complete with a pristine spring pool. Rotsen scanned the high stone walls, and then noticed a single black scale on the ground. He nudged his elbow to Hiccup, making him follow and making him pick up and studying it as it shimmered under the daylight.

"Well this was stupid" Hiccup mumbled before pocketing the thing.

Suddenly, the Nightfury blasts past them out of nowhere. The two recoiled, watching the massive beast struggle to climb the walls. It

flapped violently, then peeled away to a rough landing. Hiccup, after managing to remember how to breathe, calmed himself down and slipped closer to have a better look, dragging a now worried Rotsen. The dragon seemed to be trapped somehow, and it was exhausted and frustrated after leaping into the air and beating its wings furiously for the umpteenth time. Again and again, it rolled uncontrollably and crashed heavily, and out of rage, it shot a ball of fire on the ground, as if throwing a tantrum.

Almost out of habit, Hiccup pulled his leather-bound sketchbook of design he often carried around when he had new ideas on dragon-catching weapons and gadgets and flipped past the drawings to a blank page. He sketched the dragon quickly as Rotsen made both of them crouch, so they'll be unnoticed, and started to whisper to Hiccup, thinking he was listening but he was actually in his own little world now.

"We shouldn't be here, we should be running! For Odin's sake it almost bit your head off andâ€¦!"

Rotsen stopped as he saw Hiccup was no longer drawing but had his look. The look he always had whenever he was thinking hard about something.

"Why don't you justâ€¦ fly away?" Hiccup muttered aloud towards Rotsen.

His friend slid down for a closer look, staying out of range as he whispered back, "I thinkâ€¦ yeah, it's missing its other half of its tailâ€¦"

He started to climb back up as Hiccup was back to drawing again. He readjusted his drawing, carefully erasing where it was supposed to be missing.

"Let me see that!" Rotsen whispered, trying to look over Hiccup's shoulder.

"No! Let me just," Hiccup tried to move his journal out of reach from his friend but regretted it.

He dropped the charcoal stick. It rolled off of the rock outcropping that hid from view and bounced into the cove, catching the Nightfury's attention.

The dragon raised his head, spotting the two teens. The two held their breaths, their eyes locked on the dragon, waiting for it to pounce any moment and let history repeat itself again, but surprisingly, the blow didn't come. Instead the Nightfury just stayed there and continued staring at them. When Hiccup tilted his head, the dragon copied him. When he closed his book and pocketed it, it didn't even flinch, but Rotsen did. It showed no indication of following them.

As much as they felt relieved about what just happened, it still bothered both the teens as one thought crossed their minds.

\_Why is he notâ€¦ doing anythingâ€¦?\_

\* \* \*

><p>The dragon-training came to an end as a storm was brewing outside. The doors of the Great Hall rattled on their hinges as the recruits, minus Hiccup and Rotsen, were seated at a table, eating dinner by the glow of the fire pit.<p>

"Alright. Where did Luna go wrong in the ring today?" Gobber started his briefing discussion as the teens ate their fill.

"I wasn't focused on the task at hand." Luna replied plainly, trying to shrug off Snotlout's constant flirtatious stare.

"Yeah, you could have done better if the screw up didn't fly into you." Tuffnut commented as he snatched some of Snotlout's food, earning a kick in the foot and payment from his own plate.

"Continuing," Gobber stopped Tuffnut before saying anything else "What about you Astrid?"

"I mistimed my summersault dive," Astrid replied, "It was sloppy. It threw my reverse tumble."

"Yeah. We noticed," Tuffnut replied again, sounding a little sarcastic. Seemed he didn't take too well to Astrid's perfectionist behavior.

"No, no, you were great," Snotlout defended her, forgetting Luna all of a sudden, trying to brown-nose his way through her "That was so 'Astrid'."

"She's right. You have to be tough on yourselves," Gobber agreed with Astrid, not paying much to Luna's slightly disappointed expression, as if she was about to comment something.

The Great Hall door then blew open, reviling two slightly wet teens. All eyes turned to them, entering the hall, slightly sheepishly. Gobber glared at them taking their share of food and continued "And can someone tell me where Rotsen went wrong?"

"Here is comesâ€|" He mumbled towards Hiccup, earning a sympathetic nod.

"Thinking he could take the Gronckle on." Snotlout mocked, earning himself a glare from Rotsen.

He was about to shoot something back when Luna butted in "Actually, I think it was his reflexes. They just need to be sharpened a tiny bit."

The two skinny teens stared at her with slight wide eyed looks, trying to grasp the fact she didn't insult either of them on it.

Gobber spoke again before anyone could corner either Rotsen or Luna "And what about Hiccup."

"Uh, he showed up?" Ruffnut asked teasingly.

"He didn't get eaten? Tuffnut joined his twin, closing the gabs to

keep Hiccup and Rotsen from sitting with them, forcing the two to sit alone at a vacant table next to them.

"He's never where he should be," Astrid said in an admonishing tone, glaring at both the teens accusingly.

"Thank you, Astrid," Gobber stood and turned around to take something out of his pockets "You need to live and breathe this stuff," he laid a giant book in the center of the table, "The dragon manual. Everything we know about every dragon we know of. No attacks tonight. Study up."

The teens looked at Gobber incredulously as he left the Great Hall, staring at the book in shock.

"Wait, you mean read?" Tuffnut exclaimed in disbelief.

"While we're still alive?" Ruffnut mirrored her twin's reaction.

"Why read words when you can just kill the stuff the words tell you stuff about?" Snotlout complained.

Rotsen rolled his eyes quietly, earning a small and quite chuckle from his friend.

"Oh! I've read it like, seven times," Fishlegs jumped into the conversation "There's this water dragon that sprays boiling water at your face. And there's another one that buries itself for like a weekâ€|"

"Yeah, that sounds great, Tuffnut interrupted his rambling "There was a chance I was going to read thatâ€|"

"â€|But nowâ€|" Ruffnut looked bored.

"Well, you guys read, I'll go kill stuff," Snotlout said as he got up to go, followed by the rest of the gang, minus Astrid and Luna. Hiccup saw Astrid still sipping the last of her drink and tried his luck again.

"So I guess we'll just share-"

"Read it," Astrid said dismissively as she pushed the dragon manual toward him and left, obviously not interested in staying long or be in Hiccup's company.

Rotsen too tried his luck as well, standing by the end of the table where Luna was seated and asked "Mind actually staying and read orâ€|?"

She shook her head pushing her plate away from her and said "I'll stay and read. We just might get ahead of everyone else."

As the two started to make little small talk Hiccup was still smoked from Astrid's denial to his invitation "Oh, well, all mine them. Wow, so okay. I'll see youâ€|" Hiccup winced as the sound of Astrid slamming the door, "â€|tomorrow. Ah, who am I kiddingâ€|"

Rotsen patted his friend on his shoulder, trying his best to make him

feel better after being shot down for theâ€¦ billionth time.

Hiccup returned with a half-smile, returning to their seats where Luna was waiting for them.

"Don't think we were introduced," Hiccup said, sitting across from her "Names Hiccup."

"Luna, Luna Cardoza." She replied, sliding down her seat so Rotsen could sit next to her.

"Sounds like a Greek name." He said, as Hiccup started to ignore them, already looking into the massive book.

"Yeah, my grandparents are from Greece," she answered and the two stopped their conversation as they heard Hiccup say something aloud.

"Dragon classifications: Strike class, Fear class, Mystery class," Hiccup read, skimming through the pages. "Thunderdrum, this reclusive dragon inhabits sea coves and dark tide pools. When startled, the Thunderdrum produces a concussive sound that can kill a man at close range. Extremely dangerous. Kill on sight," his eyes drifted to a lurid illustration of decapitated Vikings, and then turned to another page again. "Timberjack, this gigantic creature has razor sharp wings that can slice through full grown treesâ€¦ extremely dangerous. Kill on sight," He turned another page, "Scauldron. Sprays water at its victim. Extremely dangerousâ€¦"

The sudden storm outside raged against the shuttered windows, starting the group. The sudden thought of the Nightfury suddenly changing its mind and barging in crossed his mind, but lucky for him, it was just that: the storm.

"Changewing, even newly hatched dragons can sprat acid. Kill on sight," Hiccup continued, flipping through the pages "Gronckle, Zippleback. The Skrill; Skrills do not breathe fire. Instead, they channel lightning down their metallic spines, firing it from their mouths in a shower of destructive blasts. They can also store this electrical power in their bodies and release it later on. Extremely dangerous. Kill on sight. Bone Knapper, Whispering Death. Burns victims, buries victims, chokes victims, turns victims' inside-out, extremely dangerous, extremely dangerous, kill on sight, kill on sight, kill on sightâ€¦"

"Hiccup finally landed upon the page he was looking for.

"Nightfury," Rotsen stood up from his seat, wide eyed and stretched himself over the table, looking at the book along with Hiccup, both noticing that it was blank, no image, save for a few, spare details. The two started to read aloud "Speed unknown. Size unknown. The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself. Never engage this dragon, your only chance: hide and pray it does not find you."

Curious, Hiccup pulled his sketch book out of his vest and opened it to his drawing of the Nightfury. He laid it over the book's blank page and considered it.

"Maybeâ€|" Rotsen muttered, looking at Hiccup, knowing he had the same idea "Just maybeâ€|"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Must be wondering what the two are thinking of huh? And what about that Luna character? What does all this add up too? If you wanna know then stick around to find out. By the way, thank you Saphirabrightscale for the favorite and fallow.<strong>

\*\*And again, I appreciate if you either fallow, favorite or review, or all three for that matter! Really, I'm not a mind reader so I won't know if you guys like the story and or want it to continue. Until next time, I'll see you before the Skrill find me!\*\*

### 3. Chapter 3: Grounded Dragon

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, which belongs to Pixar. I do however own the OCs you will see.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"You know, I just happened to notice the book had nothing on Nightfuries," Hiccup asked, looking up at Gobber who was above the arena observing and supervising the training. He and Rotsen had a full hour argument about who would ask Gobber, obviously he last "Is there another book? Or a sequel? Maybe a little pamphlet?"<p>

A blast took the axe head off the hilt of the axe Hiccup was holding, taking him by surprise.

"Focus, Hiccup! You're not even trying!"

"I'm really starting to question your teaching methods!" Fishlegs protested as he ran for cover.

Rotsen cut a corner, meeting up with Hiccup handing him another axe he had on him for emergencies like this. He gave a two finger salute before running down another corner, knowing it would be best to stay vigilant.

The recruits were learning to attack this time, the usual shenanigans followed. They managed to last out so far, and figured out the Deadly Nadder's blind spot (indirectly, thanks to the bickering twins), but Hiccup was still not satisfied with the question unanswered.

Meanwhile Rotsen kept his head low and staff even lower, ready for anything, well almost anything. He started to walk backwards, making sure the Nadder wasn't possibly fallowing him. He jumped when he felt something make contact with his back.

He jumped back, holding his staff into a defensive position and was surprised to see Luna, arrow notched and ready to hit its mark.

"Hey," he said calmly, getting into a casual stance now.

"Hey yourself," Luna shot him with a joke which was returned with a



chuckle.

She couldn't help but laugh back, mostly from Rotsen's own laugh affecting her. The two stopped laughing however when Rotsen pushed himself and Luna against the wall, looking up and see the Nadder jumping atop the maze, chirping and sniffing around for its pry.

When it leaped away Rotsen got away from the wall, rounding a corner to follow it. He poked his head back to where Luna was and asked "You coming or what?"

She nodded, positioning her arrow into her bow and followed the boy, both hearing Hiccup again.

"Hey, so how would one sneak up on a Nightfury?"

"None ever met one and lived to tell the tale. Now get in there!" Gobber urged.

"I know, I know, but hypotheticallyâ€¦"

"Hiccup!"

Hiccup turned to see Astrid hissing at him to get down as the incoming Deadly Nadder leapt over the walls. While the dragon was busy looking for them at the other side of the wall they were hiding, Rotsen leaped up on the maze wall, grabbing the Nadder's attention. Astrid took this opportunity somersault her way to the next cover. Hiccup tried to copy her, but the weight of the shield cut him off, and the Nadder immediately caught sight of him, ignoring Rotsen.

Rotsen quickly smacked his staff against the side of the Nadder, gaining its attention again. It squawked at him angrily, pouncing on him and tried to bite into his neck. Rotsen kept it at bay as he kept his staff forward and between its jaws, making it unable to actually bite him.

Luna rounded the corner where Rotsen was and shot an arrow into the Nadder's side. The arrow punctured the Nadder in its back side and it squawked angrily again, but this time at Luna. The chase was then on.

Luna dived through corner after corner as both Hiccup and Rotsen chased after them. Snotlout was now trying to (unsuccessfully) be a hero for Luna and Astrid, Astrid expertly maneuvered her way around the obstacles and the two teens continued to chase after the dragon, gaining up on Luna.

While the Nadder was chasing after her it the two teens decided to push the walls down on pursue to try and stop the Nadder. When there was a small section no longer fill with maze walls Rotsen yelled, smacking his staff against Hiccup's shield, grabbing the Nadder's attention for the third time.

It turned to him and hissed, swinging its tail at him, sending spikes at him. Rotsen jumped out of the way while Hiccup used the shield to cover him completely and protecting him from the spikes. The Nadder then fired another swarm of spikes. Again he didn't react fast

enough. He froze in place, the only sound now filling the arena was needles making contact and Hiccup and Luna's worried shouts.

Rotsen opened one of his eyes and saw that he was left unharmed, but the wall behind him did. He let out unconformable sigh and chuckled tiredly before collapsing on the floor, knocked out from shock.

Luna ran over to him, trying to get him to wake up and Hiccup started to smack the axe Rotsen gave him against his shield, gaining the Nadder's attention again. He gulped as it turned to him. Astrid, who had been going around like a trained gymnast in a sense, came flying through the dust and crashed landed on top of Hiccup, laying him out in a limb-tangling mess.

"Oooh! Love on the battlefield!" Tuffnut teased as he and his twin were the first to see them mushed together.

"She could do better." Ruffnut chided as the Nadder closed in on the two, completely ignoring Luna and the unconscious Rotsen.

"Just â€¦ let meâ€¦" Hiccup struggled to untangle himself from Astrid "Why don't youâ€¦"

Astrid groaned and managed to untangle herself from Hiccup as the incoming Nadder spun around and raced back toward them like a raptor. She tried to pull her axe from Hiccup's shield, which was launched from the madness of the Nadder chase, but it was quite attached to his arm, so she had no choice but to plant her foot on his face and yanked the axe free,, still burrowed the shield. Within moments she swung the axe and shield, scoring a direct hit on the oncoming Nadder's head. It yelped and scurried off, trying to shake off the buzz.

"Well done, Astrid," Gobber said as he made his way to get the dragon back into its cell. Unfortunately no one shared Gobber's praise as Hiccup realized all eyes were on him as he got to his feet. He turned to find Astrid glaring at him, a little winded, but a whole lotta pissed.

"Is this some kind of joke to you? Our parents' war is about to be ours." Astrid pointed her axe threateningly at Hiccup "Figure out which side you're on and tell him," she then pointed her axe towards Rotsen, starting to wake up "that I don't need his help."

Hiccup watched guiltily as she and the others stomped off and walked out of the arena for their well-deserved break.

"Ughâ€¦ dudeâ€¦" Rotsen mumbled as he started to come too "What did I miss?"

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup peeked out behind the shield he brought along, looking around caustically, making sure the Nightfury was nowhere in sight. He came out from the gap of rocks he was hiding, getting his shield caught in the process, before slithered out of his hiding place. Rotsen soon fallowed, bumping into the rock wall with his own shield but continued to fallow Hiccup. He still wasn't screwed all together after the Nadder incident. They skipped afternoon practice again and had decided to return to the cove to get closer to the Nightfury.

They still couldn't understand why they would come back to the creature that almost bit Hiccup's head off, but they couldn't stop themselves. To Hiccup there was something about that dragon, despite what it did to him, that drew him. What fueled Rotsen was his curiosity and need to help his friend, knowing this was important to him.<p>

Holding onto the cod Hiccup brought along tight, he looked around cautiously again, wondering where the Nightfury was. That was when they felt a sort of foreboding presence behind them and a quite snort out of the blue. Turning around, they saw the Nightfury, crouched on a rock like a stealthy panther. Hiccup's breath caught in his throat a little as it descended, approaching them, ready to pounce.

Swallowing his fear, and being jabbed in the back by his friend, Hiccup offered the fish to the Nightfury. The dragon eyed at it warily for a second before it suddenly growled. The two flinched for a second before Hiccup realized the problem; his hunting dagger he brought along tucked in his waist band. Quickly but carefully, he took it out, electing another growl, before he dropped it on the ground. The dragon was not satisfied, jerking its head. Hiccup got the message and kicked it into the pond. Another growl escaped from the dragon, directly at Rotsen.

Hiccup elbowed his friend, giving him a stern glare, telling him to get rid of it. The two had a mental argument filled with glares before he sighed and rolled it to the closet rock wall. Almost immediately, the dragon calmed down and revealed to them the most docile pair of eyes they had ever seen. Hiccup would've felt something was awfully cute about this if it wasn't a killing machine before him. Slowly, the dragon approached the fish, opening its mouth to be fed, and that's where the two noticed it was missing teeth.

"Huh, toothless," Hiccup noted "I could have sworn you hadâ€|"

A set of razor sharp teeth emerge from its gums suddenly to grab the fish. Hiccup exclaimed as it snatched and gnashed the fish as Rotsen jumped back slightly, getting into a defensive stance but immediately dropped it when he realized he got rid of his staff.

"â€| Teeth."

The dragon licked its lips before it pressed closer with an expected look. Hiccup retreated nervously.

"Uh, no, no, no, noâ€|" the Fury back Hiccup and Rotsen against a rock. Hiccup placed himself the same position as before. He was trying hard not to hyperventilate, the dread of the dragon about ready to kill him resurfaced to his heart, leaving him paralyzed.

"No, we don't have any more!" Rotsen said, waving his hands in front of him and Hiccup, trying to save his friend.

The dragon closed in over the, staring blankly. A tensed moment passed before the dragon suddenly made a wired chocking sound and regurgitated a fish head onto Hiccup's lap and a fish tail on Rotsen's. The two exchanged looks before doing the same to the

dragon, with said dragon flashing a glare at the fish then at them. Hiccup soon realized what the dragon wanted him to do.

Hiccup squeamishly picked it up, elbowing his friend again, making him do the same. The dragon waited expectantly. They knew they had no choice, or at least Hiccup did. With the dragon's eyes watching their every move, Hiccup gaged and gnawed a bite of the slimy fish. As for Rotsen he stared at the tail, wide eyed and had his crazed look he always had before doing something he'd mostly regret, and hanged the tail over his open mouth and swallowed the whole thing, feeling no bones. When Hiccup tried to show that he did what he was told to do, the dragon made a swallowing motion and swished its head towards a green faced Rotsen, wanting him to actually ingest the fish. Hiccup groaned inwardly and reluctantly swallowed the fish. It tasted slimy and fishy and raw and nasty and everything in between. He couldn't believe dragons could stand eating like that as he shuddered from the experience. He looked up to see the dragon licking its lips, as if asking him if it tasted good. He forced a smile to show that everything was fine, as did Rotsen, getting slight color back in his face. The dragon squinted its eyes at their facial expressions before it slowly stretched its lips, trying to mimic them.

Hiccup blinked at the sight before them. There it was, the dragon, the legendary dragon that no one has ever seen, ever caught or ever killed, the dragon that threatened to end his life and possibly his friend's life, right here in front of them, trying to smile like a human. This was not the dragon they thought they knew. This was not the scary, deadly dragon that burnt down that burnt down dozens of houses and killed hundreds of people and invaded thousands of villages. This was not the dastardly dragon that tore through live stocks and staved several hundred Vikings. This was a dragon that was curious and inquisitive. This was a dragon who just wanted to be left alone and have nothing to do with anything. This was a dragon that dint know any better.

Amazed at this revelation, Hiccup sat up and tried to touch him. The dragon startled for a moment and hissed before it flapped off to a crash on the other side of the cove. He blasted the mossy ground to a red-hot temperature and curled up on it like a giant dog. The sound of chirping from a bird's nest distracted it and it watched as the mother bird flew off to search for food for its young and turned around to find Hiccup and Rotsen seated beside him. Hiccup grinned and waved awkwardly at him but it somehow tolerated their presence, giving him a bemused look. It hid its face with its half-tail and Hiccup tried his luck to touch it. Unfortunately the dragon didn't take too kindly at him invading that much of his privacy and glared at him. Hiccup took the hint and scampered away, with Rotsen tailing behind with his staff.

\_This is gonna be harder than I thought,\_ Hiccup thought to himself as he made himself scarce.

\* \* \*

><p>The sun was slowly setting. Hiccup was still in the cove and has yet to return for their training, but they couldn't care less at the moment. It wasn't really important to them anyway and they wouldn't even make any progress even if they wanted to. So their parents will come home and find out their children have been flunking training. So what? They were already use to being a disappointment anyway, what

else could go wrong?<p>

The most important thing right now was for them to get to know this Nightfury and find out why it didn't just kill them when it had the chance.

Hiccup stole a look at the dragon that was hanging upside down from a tree, obviously taking a nap. He sighed and shook his head as he took Rotsen's staff from behind him, he was too busy looking at Hiccup's sketches and figure out what was exactly wrong with the Nightfury, and sketched the dragon's face on the sand. He had been trying, just Hiccup for the dragon disliked Rotsen more than Hiccup, to reach out to the dragon for quite a while after they scampered off the first time. He tried sitting a slight distance away from it, he tried giving it a reassuring smile, and he tried to prove that he was no threat but the dragon wanted none of it. It made it clear that he, and his friend, were not welcomed anywhere near it, and Hiccup had had to make do for the rest of the day by sitting at the other side of the cove staring at it while his friend hogged up his sketch book. He wondered and pondered until he got tired and managed to sneak forty winks himself. By the time he woke up, the sun was setting, his friend was out cold on the rock he too was resting on, and the dragon was on the tree, snoozing like nobody's business.

As he sketched some more with his friend's staff, he felt a gentle huff against the back of his head and realized that the dragon had taken an interest in his sketching. Aware of his presence, Hiccup continued, trying not to scare it off. Once he was slightly done with the sketch, the dragon walked off. A moment later, he reappeared with an entire sapling, drawing lines in the sand. It rushed here and there, making haphazard lines in every direction, brushing past Hiccup and occasionally stealing a glance at Hiccup, in which Hiccup kept still, not moving from his spot so that he wouldn't drive the dragon away.

Finally, the dragon dropped the tree and inspected his work, seemingly pleased. Hiccup stood and took in the sprawling scribble, amazed by it. He tried to get a good look at what it had drawn when he accidentally stepped on one of the lines, eliciting an instant growl from the dragon. He flinched at his growl, and then stepped on it again to try his luck. The dragon growled again, and got even fiercer each time he did it. Realizing how sensitive it is, Hiccup stepped carefully between each line, turning round and round until he unwittingly bumped into the dragon, earning a snort from it.

Hiccup turned around to find himself face to face again with the dragon. He was a lot closer than he was before when he fed him the fish. The dragon stared back at him in a sort of curious, odd way, standing its ground. Hesitantly, Hiccup slowly extended his hand, hoping that this time, he could actually touch it without feeling cornered. The dragon was not too happy about it as it growled under its breath, but it didn't run away like it did before either. At least that was an almost good sign.

Hiccup finally decided to avoid eye contact with it and let it decide the next course of action. He turned his head away and closed his eyes, keeping his hand held out and hoping for the best. To his amazement, he felt the cold, scaly skin on his fingertip moments later and when he looked up tentatively (after resisting a flinch), he saw the dragon's muzzle pressed gently against his hand. Its eyes

were closed and for that short moment, he could see that the facial expression the dragon had was calm, relaxed, comfortable and, most importantly, at peace.

Finally, after the overwhelming feeling of time standing still, the dragon removed itself from Hiccup's hand, wrinkling its nose a little bit, before realizing that Hiccup was watching him. It gave him a slightly defiant look and snorted before going back to his side of the cove, leaving Hiccup quite astounded at this turn of events. He couldn't wait to tell Rotsen's once he gotten up, missing the whole damn scene.

\* \* \*

><p>Gobber and the recruits were seated at the top of an abandoned catapult tower, toasting campfire food around a roaring bonfire. The training went smoothly again, for most of the crew at least, and the two misfit boys managed to somehow squeezed in at the last minute for the final training of the day after their visit to the cove. As usual they were reprimanded by Gobber for playing hooky, but they knew Gobber wouldn't hold it against them, since they knew Gobber didn't have much hopes in them lasting out the duration of the training either. As Hiccup toasted his fish, deep in thought, and Rotsen digging into a fruit he brought along, Gobber was boasting to the rest of the team about how he ended up with a hook for a hand and a peg for a leg.<p>

"And with one twist he took my hand and swallowed it whole. And I saw the look on his face," Gobber said almost proudly. "I was delicious. He must have passed the word, because it wasn't a month before another one of them took my leg."

"Isn't it weird to think that your hand was inside a dragon? Like if your mind was still in control of it you could have killed the dragon from the inside by crushing his heart or something," Fishlegs theorized, oblivious of the weird looks he was getting from his peers.

"I swear I'm so angry right now," Snotlout growled with gritted teeth "I'll avenge your beautiful hand and your beautiful foot. I'll chop off the legs of every dragon I fight, with my face."

"Un-unh," Gobber said with his mouth full and Lune, with Rotsen, rolled their eyes to the suck up "It's the wings and the tails you really want. If it can't fly, it can't get away. A downed dragon is a dead dragon."

The two skinny teens looked calm and stoic in front of the crew, but in truth Hiccup was trying to hide his horrified look of what he had done to the dragon from them, as did Rotsen. That was when everything started to make sense to them: The missing part of the tail, the dragon unable to get out of the cove, its frustrations — it all made sense. It was their entire fault. Them and their machine. Hiccup took the dragon down with his device that Rotsen helped built. They wrecked his tail. They defeated the most dangerous, most prideful and most legendary dragon in the world. They took away its pride. They took away its freedom.

"Alright, I'm off to bed," The teen's musing was broken when Gobber stood up and stretched. "You should be too. Tomorrow we get into the

big boys. Slowly but surely making our way up to the Monstrous Nightmare. But who'll win the honor of killing it?"

As soon as Gobber hobbled off, the teens reflected on what their mentor had said.

"It's gonna be me," Tuffnut said in a matter-of-fact way as he rolled up his sleeve to reveal something to the group. "It's my destiny. See?"

"Your mom let you get a tattoo?" Fishlegs gasped as he saw that it was something that looked like a red dragon marking.

"It's not a tattoo. It's a birthmark."

"Okay, I've been stuck with you since birth, and that was never there before," Ruffnut asked suspiciously.

"Yes, it was," Tuffnut replied indignantly. "You've just never seen me from the left side until now."

As the team bickered over whether or not that 'tattoo' was real, The two skinny teens got up and walked away from the group, almost ignoring Astrid who watched him for a moment as they left the bonfire and Luna's questionable look. The training was not important. The dragons were not important. The kill was not important. All that didn't matter.

What mattered most was making up for what they had done to the dragon.

#### 4. Chapter 4: Test Flight

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\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup was in his small workshop with Rotsen at the back of the blacksmith stall. It was something Hiccup was able to convince Gobber to give him for his 10th birthday so that he could work his weaponry and scale models designs. Deep down, he knew he wasn't cut out for the rough and tumble Viking business, so he thought that if he could make better, effective weapons, he would at least be able to contribute to the tribe instead of always being the outcast. Some of his little inventions have worked in the past, thus Gobber tolerates him having that design room, and now he and his friend were putting his little workshop to good use.<p>

Rotsen lit a candle as Hiccup laid his sketchbook out on the desk, opening it to the drawing of the dragon. With a look of determination, Hiccup picked up a charcoal stick and re-drew the missing tail. After making the preliminary sketch for a prosthetic fin for the missing tail, Hiccup and Rotsen spent all night tinkering, forging, twisting and hammering his prototype fin. It took them almost all night, but they managed to make a decent-sized tail based on his sketches. After inspecting their work and was satisfied with it, they retired for the night, though technically it was already dawning.

They just hoped that this would work.

â€|

The two boys arrived at the cove again, skipping training for the day. Rotsen looked a little winded, straining under the weight of a full basket of fish on his back that Hiccup made him carry. Actually they argued for several minutes before Rotsen caved in. Along with the prosthetic fin, Hiccup carried, he heaved the basket to the ground.

"Toothless~ Oh, Toothless~" Hiccup called out, letting Rotsen sit down to get his breath back.

The Nightfury he called Toothless came out from behind the rocks he was napping at and approached, sniffing him. Hiccup decided to give the name 'Toothless' for the dragon since he thought it was a fitting name for it due to its retractable teeth. After they made the fin, they paid a visit to the dragon every end of the day training for a few days to make sure they had the measurements and design right to match the actual other half of the tail. Hiccup would then go home to make the necessary adjustments to the prosthetic fin.

During the duration of the visits, Hiccup and Toothless had bridged the gap between them bit by bit, Rotsen too had a small bridge between him and the dragon but not as large as Hiccup as gone. Initially, Toothless was still wary and cautious around the two teens, not allowing them to come near him, but slowly, the boys managed to shorten the distance between them, by making small talk and telling it about their day or just anything that came to mind, until Toothless trusted them enough to allow them to have skin contact with him. Though they still needed to distract Toothless with food whenever they took the measurement and study the good half of the tail, which was what Hiccup was doing right now.

"Hey, Toothless," Hiccup smiled as he opened the basket lid "I brought breakfast. I hope you're hungry," he kicked the basket over, letting the fish spill out. "Okay, that's disgusting."

Toothless approached the pile of fish, sniffing at it to make sure what he had in store for it.

"Uhâ€|we've got some salmon, some nice Icelandic cod, and a whole smoked eel."

At the word 'eel', Toothless started and growled at it, backing away from it. Hiccup took note of that and quickly removed the eel by handing it to Rotsen, asking him to get rid of it, which the teen just tossed to the entrance of the cove.

"No, no, no! It's okay. Yeah, I don't like eel much either."

Toothless looked satisfied seeing Rotsen throwing out the eel and it started eating the remainder of the fish. With the dragon distracted, Hiccup unwrapped his prosthetic fin and opened it like a fan.

"Okay. That's it. That's it, just stick with good stuff," Hiccup muttered as he made his way towards the tail "And don't you mind me.



I'll just be back hereâ€¦Minding my own businessâ€¦"

Hiccup cautiously approached the tail with his fin, but every time he got near it, Toothless swept it away like a cat, causing his friend to laugh at him. Coming to a decision, Rotsen walked over and dropped a knee on top of the tail, and helped strap the prosthetic fin in place and cinched the straps.

"Hmmâ€¦There. Not too bad. It worksâ€¦" Hiccup muttered as Rotsen continued with the straps.

Without warning, Toothless bolted, snapping its massive wings and took to the air, carrying both boys with him. Unbeknownst to the poor boys, Toothless had felt odd the moment it was done with its meal and knew that Hiccup and Rotsen were doing something to its tail that may have finally be able to make him fly and get out of the god-forsaken cove. As soon as the straps were cinched, Toothless saw it as a chance for it to get away from them, and zoomed off without wasting time. Hiccup was left struggling to hold on to the tail for dear life, shouting at Toothless to stop and put him down while Rotsen was hanging by one of Toothless' back feet, trying to remember how to breath.

As the ground sped away, Toothless immediately tipped into an uncontrolled bank and dive. Hiccup soon noticed the folded fin rattling uselessly in opposition to its flared counterpart. Flap as it may, Toothless couldn't correct its trajectory and was soon plummeting to the ground. Thinking quickly, Hiccup reached for the prosthetic and yanked it open, and almost immediately the flared, fan-like appendage caught the air, stabilizing the twisting tail.

"It's working!" Hiccup exclaimed in excitement as the stabilized Toothless arced just short of the water and climbed high into the air. He tried his luck again by keeping the fin open while turning it so that Toothless maneuvered in the air back into the cove, which worked perfectly. "Yes! Yes, I did it! Rotsen, look at this!"

"No way, man!" He exclaimed, peeking through his closed eye lids, not liking the position he was in.

Hiccup's excited voice and Rotsen's scared tone caught Toothless' attention. The dragon glanced back at them, busily holding the tail open while trying to hold on. It wasn't going to need Hiccup or Rotsen anymore now that the tail fin finally worked. With a sharp turn and a deliberate swish of its tail, it threw Hiccup off its tail into the pond below, causing the skinny boy to bounce across the water's surface and take a dive. He too snapped his foot, making Rotsen lose his grip and fall below into a small tree and crashed down to the earth, groaning. Unfortunately, without Hiccup to operate the tail, Toothless was no longer in control, and ended up doing the same, plunging in a massive cannonball. Moments later, Hiccup resurfaced along with Toothless, roughed up, but beaming.

"Yeah! That was amazing!" Hiccup exclaimed as he swam back up to shore. "I did it! I did it! I made the tail work!"

A moan could be heard from the nearby tree and a complaint "Hey, you mean \_we\_, we did itâ€¦"

Toothless swam after him, following behind on shore but did not look as excited as Hiccup was.

"\_We\_ did it! Finally we made something that actually works! Oh, with a few more calibrations, we might just be able to fix the tail forâ€|"

Hiccup turned around to see Toothless growling lowly, walking away from the two boys. It did not seem to share the same enthusiasm and excitement as he did, and one look at Toothless tossing his wet tail with the prosthetic fin lying beside Rotsen was a good sign.

"I'mâ€|I'm sorry, Toothlessâ€|" Hiccup humbled himself as he looked down guiltily, his hair dripping wet and his clothes stuck to his skin. "We know we were supposed to helpâ€|I know we made you this way and we have to fix what we did. I'm really sorryâ€|I'm trying really hard. Just give us some time and we will fix this and you won't have to be stuck with us any longerâ€|"

A growl and the sound of a thump was his answer. He curled into normal scaly ball, keeping his back towards both boys.

Hiccup sighed before Rotsen was back with him, holding the damaged and wet fin, grumbling about having a bad seat in the ride.

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"Today is about teamwork. Work together and you might survive."

Gas seeped through the cracks of a double-wide door of a dragon's cage. It soon blasted open and a cloud of smoke engulfed the ring, swirling around the paired-up teens: Astrid with Ruffnut, Snotlout with Tuffnut, Luna with Rotsen and Fishlegs with Hiccup, all of them carrying buckets of water, poised to throw them.

"Now, a wet dragon head can't light its fire," Gobber's voice echoed in the midst of the gas cloud. "The Hideous Zippleback is extra tricky. One head breathes gas, the other head lights it. Your job is to know which is which."

It was a sound advice and clear-cut instructions, but not exactly very helpful for the team. The smoke cut them off from each other and they were like the blind leading the blind. One mishap after anotherâ€|involving mistaken identity and soaking the wrong "dragon" and fighting amongst themselves, it was down to Fishlegs and Hiccup's team alongside Luna and Rotsen's team.

"Chances of survival are dwindling into low double digits nowâ€|" Fishlegs whimpered worriedly.

"Look out!" Hiccup shouted as a Zippleback head emerged out of the smoke. Fishlegs hurled his water at it, completely dousing the head. Unfortunately it leered and opened its mouth, spewing gas into the area.

"Oh. Wrong head," Fishlegs laughed nervously before fleeing in a panic. Hiccup soon heard a clicking sound coming from behind him, followed by sparks flashing in the smoke. The other Zippleback had

swept out of the smoke, revealing itself as it started leering towards him, sparks flickering out of its mouth.

"Now, Hiccup!" Gobber shouted.

Hiccup didn't need to be told twice. He hurled his water with all his might, but sadly it arced and dropped short of the dragon's sparking mouth, barely nicking it.

"Oh, come on!" Hiccup groaned as the dragon grinned at him, ready for the kill.

That was until shouts could be heard beside them. Luna and Rotsen ran from the now thin smoke cloud, throwing the water held in their buckets. The Zippleback hissed before moving its heads, dodging the water and was followed by a tail sweep, knocking both trainees by surprise and turned back to Hiccup. He braced himself, barely hearing Gobber shouting at him to run in the background as both heads moved closer to him.

Out of the blue, in front of the shocked team and Gobber, the Zippleback hesitated, took a whiff of Hiccup and retreated. Before their very eyes, they watched, transfixed, as the Zippleback backed away from Hiccup. Hiccup himself stood his ground and held his hands out, as if controlling it.

"Back! Back! Get back! Now don't you make me tell you again!"

The Zippleback retreated through its door and into its cave, hissing, wanting to attack him, but at the same time fearful to go near him.

"Yes, that's right. Back into your cage!" Hiccup commanded as he slyly opened his vest, revealing the spotted smoked eel he secretly kept after his visit to Toothless earlier. "Now think about what you've done."

He tossed it inside the door, watching the Zippleback cowering away from the eel like it was rat poison, and then slammed the cage shut. As he wiped his hand off the slimy eel's goo and turned to his team and Gobber, he was met with awkward and shocked silence, eyes staring at him and disbelief and every single one of them slack-jawed.

"Okay! So are we done?" Hiccup asked as if it was the most matter-of-fact way to do. "Because me and Rotsen got some things I need toâ€¦Yup, see you tomorrow!"

Hiccup quickly jogged away from the speechless group before they could react, with his friend tailing behind him, pretty amazed himself at how well their experiment with the eel went.

**\*\*Thanks for reading guys and sorry it was so short but I've been really busy with my new story A Reason to Fight. Its now on my top priorities list but I will not forget this story, so please, if you want it to continue then leave a review, favorite or follow the story. That is the only way I'll know if you guys want the story to continue or even like it. Till next time!\*\***

## 5. Chapter 5: Change of Heart

**\*\*Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, which belongs to Pixar. I do however own the OCs you will see.\*\*

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><p>Ever since that stunt with the Zippleback, the daily routine for Hiccup had gone pretty well whilst Rotsen's have been going like any other day. They would do their training in the morning, visit Toothless in the afternoon (which includes either skipping afternoon training or between training breaks) and perfecting the prosthetic tail and other gadgets at night. Sometimes if there were no training, Hiccup would be with Toothless all day, getting it used to the prosthetic fin as well as the saddle and harness, complete with handles and foot pedals, that he and Rotsen built along with the fin since they came to an understanding (forced on Toothless' part) that Toothless cannot fly without Hiccup controlling the fin. Rotsen spent his free time with Luna, getting to know her better and they two became good friends, despite the other teen's taunts.<p>

And while he was perfecting the fin, the saddle and the harness for Toothless and training Toothless to fly with him and gaining his trust, he in turn learnt quite a few things about dragons that helped him out greatly during his own dragon-training. For starters, he figured out the reason dragons hate eels like rats hate poison was because it is poison to dragons. Eels have a natural gooey secretion on their bodies that made them so slimy and icky even after they're cleaned and cooked thoroughly, and that secretion, while not dangerous to humans, was very dangerous to dragons. Hiccup found a dead baby dragon in the woods while he was on his way to visit Toothless and found out the poor dragon learnt that the hard way. It turned out that dragons' stomach acid not only was unable to break down and dissolve the secretion of the eel, it actually made the secretion thicker and gooier and would expand until it literally suffocated the dragon from the inside-out, thus the aversion of eels for all dragons.

Hiccup then found out that there is a certain type of soft grass that makes dragons react to it as cats would to cat-nip when he found Toothless rolling around it during one of their flying sessions. It was soft and had a certain euphoric smell that only dragons can pick up and it made dragons like Toothless writhe on its back, tongue wagging, in complete bliss and completely at the grass's mercy. He tried it during dragon-training by holding a handful of it at a Gronckle and it immediately went putty before him, though at everyone else's point of view, he was controlling it with no more than a limp arm.

He also discovered from Toothless that dragons love to be given a neck-rub, or in their case, a neck-scratch, especially behind the ear. He managed to try that on a Nadder during training and he soon caused it to relax and fall over within seconds. He also discovered, Rotsen actually discovered, that dragons are curious and slightly gullible by nature. His friend found that out quite by accident when he was polishing a few metal parts for the prospected fin, making sure they would slid in place, and when light caught onto the flat metal shape, the shimmer was reflected onto the grass as a light patch and Toothless was instantly intrigued. It kept them both entertained for hours as Toothless clawed and chased the light patch

like a cat chasing a laser pointer. Hiccup tried that with a Terrible Terror using his shield and it worked wonders without even needing to fight it with axes and spears at all.

Needless to say, Hiccup's feats during dragon-training had drawn quite a bit of attention, especially when the village Elder caught sight of what he did the first time with the Zippleback and spread the news. He was soon the talk of the town as his peers flock over him like die-hard fans and random villagers giving him praise and admiration. The two skinny teen's table at the Great Hall, which was always empty before for the except of Luna, now was crowded with people young and old asking about his day during training and what tricks or magic he used to subdue those dragons so easily. Rotsen and Luna were resorted to get a new empty table because the villagers practically forced them away so they could get a seat near Hiccup. He was now the apple of Gobber's eye and he (unintentionally) outshone Astrid, who had been the best recruit so far during training before Hiccup and Rotsen started learning all of Toothless' secrets. He managed to avoid telling them the truth by making feeble excuses or avoiding them, and the two almost barely managed to avoid getting caught when Astrid found them in the woods with Rotsen carrying a harness when they were on their way to visit Toothless, but all in all, he knew he owed it to Toothless to be able to get through training without being mauled to death, and he felt quite bad for Astrid for stealing her spotlight, as this was not exactly the way he wanted his crush to notice him.

Now the two spent the rest of the week like clockwork, avoiding unwanted attention and keeping their secret from the village. But it was going to get harder when they reached the cove during one windy day, dark clouds circling Berk, indicating that there would be rain but there were no other signs of it, besides random lightening strikes and thunder echoing the air.

Rotsen stayed on the side line of the cove, by the pond, while Hiccup kept making adjustments to the new fin and harness, making sure they stayed on Toothless, who was on edge, most likely from the thunder storm.

He started growl lowly, as the sound of thunder became louder. Rotsen noticed the thunder as well, starting to pick up his staff worryingly.

"Hey, Hiccupâ€¦ I think we should be heading back."

"Why? I don't think it's going to rain anytime soon." His friend answered him, not even bother to look up to the sky.

Toothless' growls started to become noticeable to Hiccup; he patted the dragon's tail, telling him it was nothing but Thor, earning a sour mumble from his friend.

Suddenly the tree in the cove caught fire from a lightning bolt, causing Toothless to jump, dragging Hiccup with him.

"Whoa, Toothless, calm down!" the skinny teen struggled to say before Toothless started growl and roar, shooting a plasma beam into the sky.

They all became silent as they all heard a loud roar and saw another

lightning strike, but this time it was much larger and the outcome was a large dragon, at least 30 feet long. It had dark gray scales with purple markings, large spines on its back, long claws and spines around its tail and head frill. It looked like a cross of a Night Furry and Deadly Nadder, only a lot more menacing and much more aggressive. Not most Vikings they wouldn't know what this dragon was but few knew its name, it wasâ€¦

"A Skrillâ€¦" Rotsen mumbled as he watched Toothless hiss and growl at it as the Skrill did the same to him. Toothless stood his ground, as did the Skrill but it seemed it had too. It made Rotsen confused andâ€¦ intrigued instead of scared.

Hiccup struggled to get Toothless to calm down, telling him to back away, but the dragon didn't listen to the human. Rotsen knew it wasn't a smart idea but it had to be done.

He got between the two dragons that could blast him off the face of the earth.

"Whoa, whoa, calm down," he started pointing his staff at Toothless and his hand that the Skrill "Let me handle this."

Toothless stared at him for a moment, weather deciding to ignore him and kill the Skrill invading his temporary territory or actually letting him do what he wanted. Before Toothless could answer, in his own special way, Hiccup patted his tail, earning his attention. He looked at Hiccup's stern look, asking him the same thing. Toothless groaned and growled lowly, nodding his head to Rotsen, telling him he'll stay down.

Rotsen nodded back, now looking over at the Skrill, continuing to growl at him and glance over to Toothless every few seconds. Rotsen took a step to the Skrill, earning a much louder growl and a hiss. He kept his foot planted in the ground as he spun his staff and planted it directly and firmly into the soft earth, surprising the Skrill.

"It's alright, I'm not gonna hurt youâ€¦" he kept his voice smooth and calm as he took another step towards the Skrill as it took a step back, giving Rotsen an opportunity to glance at its right leg, seeing it as a light shade of red mark, indicating the spot where Toothless had hit him, along with a gash that was missing scales and showed fleshy red flesh.

"That's a nasty injury you got theirâ€¦" the Skrill hissed at him as he used one of its wings to cover his leg, taking another weak step back.

"Whoa there, I could help you," he said, making his voice even smother, if that was even possible, and took several more steps toward the Skrill. It made a humming sound in the back of its throat, watching Rotsen cautiously, expecting him to attack him while he was injured but was surprised when he didn't. He started to reach his hand out towards the Skrill, much like Hiccup has done to Toothless before, and it immediately growled lowly, making Rotsen freeze his hand, asking him if it was alright to touch his scales.

After what seemed like an eternity the Skrill took a wobbly step closer to Rotsen, as did he with his hand kept out stretch. When his

hand finally made contact with its scales it let out another hum deep in its throat. Rotsen smiled as he started to trace the purple markings around its head and to the spines around its head frill and started to lightly scratch between them and behind them, making the Skrill purr and rub its head onto Rotsen's side, making him laugh and scratch slightly harder and faster.

After a few minutes of this he smiled lightly as he stopped, looking at the Skrill in its deadly black and crimson mixed eyes and asked "You seemed very nice, just protective is all, and scaredâ€¦"

The Skrill hummed again, letting Rotsen examine his leg now. He started to touch the scales around the red bruise around the gash. It then hissed in pain, making Rotsen retract his hand to show he wouldn't hurt him.

When it calmed down Rotsen called out to Hiccup, who was watching the whole this with Toothless "Hiccup, can you toss me that paste you brought along?" His friend nodded as he went over to his small bag of tools. He'd brought along a special paste he made to help with any bruises or burns he or Rotsen would get whenever they were working on something in the forge.

He tossed the small cup with a tight parchment lid rapped around the top to Rotsen. He opened it before getting a small amount on his fingers. "It's alright, this is for helping the woundâ€¦" he said smoothly to the Skrill, looking over at Rotsen curiously.

He slowly and carefully placed his fingers around the injury as he started to rub the paste around the injury. When he was done Hiccup tossed him a special linen rap the village Elder would normally give to injured villagers. When he was done wrapping the injured leg he stepped back, letting the Skrill sniff its leg.

Rotsen patted its back, smiling when it started nuzzling its head against him, as his own version of saying thank you.

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The streets were empty save for the village lighter who crossed the two's path. He greeted Hiccup, in which Hiccup nodded, trying to look casual. Once the coast is clear, he covertly steered Toothless into the blacksmith's stall while Rotsen helped the injured Skrill he called Kalos into the same stall. Thankfully, both dragon's hide were black enough to be blending in the darkness of the night, which showed how true the legend was about Night Furies never getting caught and Skrills being unnoticeable until it was too late.

Hiccup and Toothless were practicing on their flying that day, concentrating on what sort of pedal footwork matches what sort of flying, maneuvering or landing style while Rotsen was tending to Kalos' injured leg. Hiccup was writing down the pedal numbers on his cheat sheet when the wind broke the rope that hovered and held Toothless in place against the wind and sent them crashing. It in turn broke his saddle hook and crushed it to the point where he couldn't free himself from Toothless and the only tools and extra spare parts to fix this were in his workshop. He had no choice but to drag Toothless along to the workshop to get it fix and separate them, as for Kalos Rotsen had to take him along with them because the Skrill didn't want him to leave just yet, thus the night

skulking.

While Hiccup went about searching for his tools and spare parts, and Rotsen's struggle with trying to remember what tool the tool looked like, Kalos and Toothless pressed themselves inside, rooting through stuff and making a bit of a racket. The boys had to shush them a couple of times.

"Quiet, Toothless! Do you want to get caught?" Hiccup hissed, in which Toothless accidentally swung his tail onto the bag of tools Hiccup barely held onto. "Oh, look what you did, Toothless! Now stay still! Ugh, where is it? Where is it?"

Rotsen knelt down to the dragon's wife Hiccup went on all fours to look for the tool. He was trying to calm them down by scratching Kalos' spines and placing a hand on Toothless' head, telling him to quiet down. Toothless stayed quiet, except for Kalos, who purred rather too loudly.

"Hiccup?"

The boys froze. The owner of the voice outside belonged to Astrid. She must've heard sounds from the workshop and came to investigate. Trying to quiet down Kalos Rotsen stopped scratching him, making him slightly irritated and hummed in the back of its throat again. "Are you in there?" Astrid's voice came again, sounded like she was right outside.

The boys had no choice, they stared each other down, trying to make the other cave. Hiccup was the one who lost, groaning quietly as he went over to the small window. Hiccup's harness line was stretched through the window, still attached to Toothless' saddle, but he tried hard to act casual about it.

"Astrid. Hey! Hi, Astrid. Hi, Astrid. Hi, Astrid." Hiccup barely realized he was stammering.

"I normally don't care what people do, but you and Rotsen have been acting weird," Astrid started a little when Hiccup jerked from Toothless trying to drag him back inside the workshop too look for the tool. "Well, weirder."

Toothless was getting restless as he pulled harder. As a result, Hiccup was suddenly pulled tight against the window shutters. He struck a pose to compensate before he got pulled through them and landed onto Toothless. The fixing would have to wait as he tugged hard at the harness line, forcing Toothless to follow his lead and make a clean getaway before Astrid opened the shutters to investigate, along with Rotsen and Kalos doing the same.

The two boys had to spend the night at the cove, no thanks to the broken harness, and compensate for that workshop stunt with an all-nighter with Toothless though. It became slightly sour for Hiccup but for Rotsen, it was slightly good, making the bridge between him and his new dragon friend a much better.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Ooh, the gears are starting to turn! Its starting to get interesting. Agree? Disagree? Want me to continue to writing the



story? Want to pay me to stop? Well, please review, fallow and favorite if you like the story if you like it. I'm not a mind reader so please do tell me if you like it and want it to continue. Till next time!<strong>

## 6. Chapter 6: The Hard Truth

**\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, which belongs to Pixar. I do however own the OCs you will see.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>A lone, battered ship was pulled into a slip, overloaded with equally battered-looking men, the bruises and wounds and their ragged hair illuminated by the light of the dawning sun. They disembarked to a crowd of onlookers, looking like a team of hometown heroes who just had their butts kicked. Gobber hobbles through the mumbling crowd to find Stoick, who was last to disembark and glowering with battered pride and a mix of worry.<p>

"Where are the other ships?" Gobber asked a random Viking who moved past him.

"You don't want to know," he mumbled and moved on grudgingly.

Stoick lumbered past Gobber, leaving him staring at the trashed ship.

"Well, I trust you found the nest at least?" Gobber asked hopefully.

"Not even close," Stoick grumbled moodily as he swung his duffel bag over his shoulder. "all we found was a Timberjack that got too close. Think it might come to use for training. Got it knocked out under the brig so send someone to get it to the arena before it wakes up."

"Ah. Excellent," Gobber replied knowingly, following Stoick up the ramp and snagging his duffel bag with his hook appendage, sharing the burden.

"I hope you had a little more success than me."

"Well, if by success, you mean that your parenting troubles are over with, thenâ€|yes."

Stoick stopped, raising a brow at his reply as if asking what does that mean. Before Gobber could explain what he just meant, a group of merry villagers rush past.

"Congratulations, Stoick! Everyone is so relieved."

"Out with the old and in with the new, right?"

"No one will miss that old nuisance!"

"The village is throwing a party to celebrate!"

Stoick was stunned, overwhelmed by the insensitivity. Had something

happened to Hiccup, or his friend? Had they run away from home? Had they been injured? Had they been killed during training? He was still bothered by what might've happened to his sonâ€”his only sonâ€”to illicit this reaction. Not to mention the burden that was about to be bestowed on his son's friend. Ohâ€”the poor boy. A million questions littered his mind as he turned to Gobber.

"They'reâ€”gone?"

"Yeahâ€”most afternoons," Gobber shrugged. "But who can blame him? I mean the life of a celebrity is very rough. He can barely walk through the village without being swarmed by his new fans. Too bad it's all one sided. Rotsen, the boy hasn't had much time being around his friend like ol' times."

"Hiccup?" Stoick was doubly confused.

"Who would've thought, eh?" Gobber replied, beaming with pride. "He has thisâ€”way with the beasts."

It took all of Stoick not to behave like a child being denied candy as he followed after Gobber, demanding an explanation on both the boys.

\* \* \*

><p>Toothless and Hiccup soared through a perfect blue sky, finally deciding to take their first step to fly into the open after months of training. Billowing clouds rose like mountains. The ground seemed miles below them. Rotsen flying behind them, on top of Kalos. His leg has healed and the two teens were prepared to see the Skrill off but were surprised when it ran up to Rotsen, nuzzling its head against him, telling him he wanted to stay. So after a quick remodel of the same blueprints Hiccup used for Toothless' saddle for Kalos, Rotsen was ready to fly along with his friend.<p>

"Okay there, bud, we're gonna take this nice and slow," Hiccup said as he checked his cheat sheet clipped onto his harness. After the long months of training, Hiccup had finally got down to confirming several tail positions and their pedal position equivalents that were suitable for their flights. "Here we go. Here we goâ€”position three, no, four."

He pressed the pedal, causing the tail to flare. They rolled off into an arcing bank, gloriously lit by the late afternoon sun. Hiccup tucked tight against his neck, thrilled that his new harness and vest are holding. The foot controls make the tail appendage quick and responsive. He watched Toothless' every fluctuation, trying to match it with the prosthetic. Hiccup sized up a target, which was a towering arch of stone, rising from the sea.

"Alright, it's go time. It's go time," Hiccup muttered as they dove toward it, lining up to pass through the arch. "Come on. Come on, buddy. Come on, buddy!"

They zipped through the arch. A perfect maneuver. Rotsen flew along with them, giving him a thumbs up.

"Yeah! Yes, it worked!"

The triumph was short-lived. They smacked into one of several sea stacks as Hiccup tried to keep up with the turns.

"Sorryâ€|" Hiccup said, then hurtled into another rock pillar, making Toothless grumble. "Sorry, that was my fault."

Toothless swatted him with its ear, as if to reprimand him to focus and caused a chuckle come from both Rotsen and Kalos.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm on it," Hiccup grumbled, referring to the cheat sheet. "Position four, no, three."

They soon pierced the clouds. For the first time, Hiccup and Rotsen could see the whole of the island below them. It shrank with every passing second, and it was an amazing scene before them. He swallowed hard and tightened his grip on the handles, but Rotsen didn't he continued to watch in awe.

"Yeah! Go baby!" Hiccup shouted excitedly, getting his friend out of his daze and made him to continue follow him, as they went higher and higher. "Yes! Oh, this is amazing! The wind in myâ€|cheat sheet!"

In his excitement, Hiccup didn't realize his cheat sheet coming loose from his harness and tearing free in the turbulence until it brushed past his face. Panicking, he commanded Toothless to stop as he grabbed frantically for it and managed to nab it before it was carried out of reach. Toothless, however, obeyed the command and suddenly stopped beating its wings, causing Hiccup to go weightless as they slowed to a stop. The rings of his vest floated off of the harness hooks and Hiccup suddenly found himself detached, free-falling.

"Oh gods! Oh no!"

Without Hiccup, the tail lost control. Hiccup and Toothless soon started spiral downward like a speeding bullet. Toothless fought to get back under Hiccup as they both heard Rotsen shout in worry, Kalos trying to dive fast enough to catch up with them but they were falling too faster, faster than a Skrill can normally dive bomb.

"Alright, okay. You just gotta kinda angle yourselfâ€|" Hiccup tried to calm the dragon down, he himself having tons of 'I don't wanna die' thoughts racing through his mind. "No, noâ€|come back down towards me. Come back downâ€|"

Hiccup extended his arms and legs, giving himself as much surface area as he can. He angled back towards Toothless as the tumbling dragon accidentally whacked Hiccup with its wing as it continued to spiral. After a few more misses, Hiccup finally grabbed hold of the harness and manages to lock in just in time to pull Toothless out of his dive, barely shy of the tree tops. They careened past the wooded cliff and directly into a treacherous slalom course of jutting sea stacks. Hiccup pulled the cheat sheet from his teeth and attempted to check positions, but unfortunately it flapped violently in the turbulence, making it impossible to even see a picture, let alone concentrate on a position.

With no time to think, Hiccup threw the cheat sheet away and decided

to steer Toothless' tail on his own. Instinct kicked in along with intuition somehow as together, they manage a tight, hair-raising series of split-second turns around the rock pillars. There were a few close-calls, but finally, after what felt like forever, they made it to the open water unscathed. Hiccup took a breath and glanced back at the death-defying obstacle course, now safely behind them, and beamed, relieved. He saw Rotsen now catching up with him and giving him a cool glare, telling him not to do that ever again.

"YEEAAHH!" Hiccup hollered as he sat back and threw his arms up in victory.

Toothless concurred his triumph with a happy squeal and a fireball. Hiccup's glee turned to dread as he saw that they were flying directly into it.

"Ah, come on!"

The sound of fire crackling and laughter filled the air as Hiccup finished his statement.

\* \* \*

><p>The two humans and two dragons lounged on a sprawling, deserted beach on a tiny island just a couple of miles away from the Wild Zone, snacking of freshly caught fish after a long day of more test runs. Hiccup's hair was a little singed and blown back by the fireball that Toothless shot out, but at least he wasn't burnt into a crisp, though he didn't really appreciate Kalos, Rotsen, and Toothless' amused looks whenever they caught a glance at his hair. As Hiccup cooked his and Rotsen's fish over the fire, Toothless regurgitated a fish head for him, as did Kalos for Rotsen but instead of a head it was a boneless tail. They learnt that it was something dragons do for their friends and companions as a sign of goodwill, as the two dragons had demonstrated a few times when they fed them fish after a long day's training. Hiccup smirked with forced politeness, as did Rotsen but he looked like he was going to gag.<p>

"Uh...no, thanks," Hiccup said as he gestured to his fish on a stick, trying to resist looking a little disgusted. "I'm good."

"Same..." Rotsen said but wasn't successful when Kalos gave him an angry glare. He gulped before grabbing the tail, pinching his nose as he swallowed the tail whole, trying his best not to throw up, as was Hiccup.

Out of the blue, several Terrible Terrors landed before them like seagulls, hissing and nipping at each other as they approached Kalos and Toothless' pile of fish. The two were a little nervous at seeing them; they had seen only one during training, they had never seen a whole flock of them and it made them worry about what they would do and how would they behave in such sheer numbers. Thankfully they were more interested with Kalos and Toothless' hoard rather than the boys, though the dragons weren't all too happy with sharing, growling at them threateningly. One Terror managed to grab the regurgitated fish head and dragged it away. Another attempted to steal it from it. They face off and blasted fire balls at each other to settle the fight.

The four watched them bickering, amused. That is until Toothless

spotted one of his fish leaving the pile, exposing a stealthy Terrible Terror as the thief. They tugged on the fish, and it snapped back into Toothless' mouth, leaving only a small piece of the fish's tail in the Terror's mouth. Toothless swallowed it back tauntingly. Irrate, the little dragon pawed at the ground and tried to blast Toothless. It opened his mouth, the gas hiss came, and an un-amused Toothless fired a tiny flame straight into its mouth, causing the gas to backfire into the little dragon. It coughed up smoke and staggered away, looking ill.

"They're not so fireproof on the inside, huh?" Rotsen joked, causing Hiccup to laugh as he threw the hapless Terror his freshly cooked fish. "Here you go; I'm not that hungry anyways."

The appreciative little dragon gulps down the meal and approached Rotsen cautiously. Slowly it curled up next to him. Rotsen was amazed. The Terrible Terror who was known to violence at the slightest provocation and can chew off almost anything without even trying was right there, sleeping beside him, nestled docilely like a home-bred cat without a care in the world. Rotsen carefully reached over to pet him and it didn't turn to tear his hand off. Instead it let out a purr and nuzzled Rotsen even closer.

"Everything we know about you guysâ€¦is wrong," Hiccup said pensively, surprised at this revelation. Rotsen nodded; worried the slightest sound he made would tick the Terror.

Seeing their companion snuggled so comfortably against this human, the other Terrors soon closed in, crowding around him and settled themselves happily on his lap. One of them somehow boldly walked over to Hiccup, sitting in his lap, thinking he'd be the same. Hiccup cautiously petted the Terror, smiling in disbelief.

The two humans stayed like that for a moment before several Terrors tried to make a quick get away with Kalos' fish. He spotted them and hissed, making its head frills stand on end. The Terrors hissed back, making all the Terrors around the skinny humans to attack Kalos. He roared before shooting lightening like fire at them all and hitting them with his tail. Eventually the Terrors got the message, flying away and hissing back but quickly stopped with Kalos hissed back and made his frills stand on end again.

"Well that's a dinner ruinedâ€¦" Rotsen mumbled, placing a hand on Kalos' head, trying to calm him down.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup was lost in thought, his head laid of a desk full of Toothless drawings, his mind burdened with the weight of the world. The rest of the day he and his friend had flown around Berk one last time before retiring back to their homes. They wanted to stay longer, never wanting the feeling of flying to leave but they knew better.<p>

Hiccup's mind started to wonder to the events in the past month. He and his friend were social outcasts of a village full of Vikings, they always caused a disaster whenever they were around, they find a Nightfury they took down, go to dragon training that made them look even worse, met a new friend, fixed a dragon's damaged tail, heal a Skrill that became Rotsen's friend, and found out everything they

knew about dragons were wrong.

Not something you could achieve overnight.

While Hiccup tried to figure out how to get out of this situation, of eventually telling his father about the two dragons, his father suddenly appears in the doorway of his workshop. Hiccup jumped and quickly covered up his desk.

"Dad! You're back!" Hiccup skirted the bench, blocking Stoick's view of Toothless, the prosthetic fin, and other drawings. He struck an awkwardly casual pose, trying to cover up as much as possible. "Gobber's not here, soâ€¦"

"I know," Stoick replied. "I came looking for you."

"Youâ€¦You did?" Hiccup felt caught in between a rock and a tight place somehow.

"You've been keeping secrets," Stoick's voice was stern, causing Hiccup's legs to give out. He slid, dragging the table's contents with him.

"Iâ€¦have?"

"Just how long did you think you could hide it from me?"

"I don't know what you'reâ€¦"

"Nothing happens on this island without me hearing about it."

Hiccup really felt very cornered right now.

"So," Stoick said as he put his hands on his hips. "Let's talk about that dragon."

Blood drained from Hiccup's face. How did he find out about Toothless? Had someone seen him together with Toothless? Had someone been following him? Or worse, have someone seen Rotsen along with him with Kalos? Stoick was going to kill him for sure, him, Rotsen, Kalos and Toothless. No doubt about it.

"Oh gods. Dad, I'm so sorry. I was going to tell you. I just didn't know how toâ€¦"

Stoick started laughing out of the blue. The big, booming kind of laugh that genuinely showed that his father was happy. Hiccup stared, baffled.

"You're notâ€¦upset?"

"What? I was hoping for this!"

"Uhâ€¦you were?" Hiccup felt a little hopeful that maybe having Toothless around wasn't such a bad idea for him after all.

"And believe me, it only gets better! Just wait till you spill a Nadder's guts for the first time," Stoick exclaimed, causing Hiccup's elated expression to sink as he realized they weren't talking about the same thing; he was talking about him being the village's

so-called dragon whisperer, but Stoick was too excited to notice his face. "And mount your first Gronckle head on a spear. What a feeling!" Stoick laughed and smacked Hiccup on the shoulder, sending him into the wall. "You really had me going there, son."

Hiccup got back up, grimacing in the irony of it all.

"All those years of the worst Viking Berk has ever seen! Odin, it was rough. I almost gave up on you, even your friend! In fact, I was tempted to the moment you were born with the curse, I must admit. And all the while, you were holding out on me! Oh, Thor Almighty!" Stoick grabbed a stool and sat before Hiccup, his massive frame nearly filling the tiny room. "Ahhhhh~ With you doing so well in the ring, we finally have something to talk about."

There was a slight pregnant pause. Hiccup averted his eyes nervously while Stoick adjusts, staring at Hiccup with anticipation, hoping to hear something from Hiccup about his escapades or thoughts during training while he was gone. Hiccup couldn't say anything. There was nothing to say. They weren't even in the same page. Stoick was hoping to hear of his son's exploits in the ring. Hiccup was hoping to tell his father his experience with Toothless and break the news that he and his friend became dragon trainers of sorts. There was nothing in common between their thoughts. In fact Hiccup was dangerously on unfamiliar grounds at this point. After a long, uncomfortable silence, Stoick broke the ice.

"Oh, I, uh, brought you something," Stoick presented a horned helmet. "To keep you safe in the ring."

"Wow. Thanks," Hiccup replied sincerely. He had never had a decent gift from his father; this was the first. Hiccup accepted the helmet, looking it over.

"Ah, your mother would've wanted you to have it," Stoick said with a heartfelt tone. "It's half of her breast plate."

Hiccup almost jerked his hand away from touching the top of the helmet, trying to contain his grimace. Stoick tapped his own helmet and smiled.

"Matching set. Keeps her close, y'know? Wear it proudly. You deserve it. You've held up your end of the deal."

Hiccup saw that Stoick was beaming with pride. Hiccup squirmed uncomfortably at the look, his heart overridden with guilt. He forced a yawn.

"I should really get to bed, you know. Big training tomorrow and uhâ€¦ Rotsen did say he wanted to learn some tricks before training starts."

A glance of sorrow appeared on Stoick's face but quickly disappeared when he started to get up, the both of them talking over each other.

"Yes! Good! Okay. Good talkâ€¦"

"See you back at the houseâ€¦"

"We should do this again. I'm glad I stopped byâ€|"

"Great. Thanks for stopping byâ€|"

"I hope you like the hataâ€|"

"Yeah, and for theâ€|the, uh, breast hataâ€|"

"Wellâ€|uhâ€|good night."

Stoick left the room awkwardly, leaving Hiccup looking more burdened than ever. He took a deep sigh before heading towards Rotsen's home. He had to tell him what happened to his mother during the trip to find the nest.

He knew he had to tell the boy, he's turning into a young man already. From what his mother told him before he was used to death, a cruel thing for a boy to be used to at such a young age but he needed to tell him.

The large man couldn't stay in his thoughts any longer when Gobber trudged over to him. He was originally going to the forge, until he saw Stoick.

"Stoick, you lookin' for me or somthin'?" He dropped his cheery look when he saw Stoick's dark expression "Is something wrong, mate?"

"Yesâ€| Agathaâ€| sheâ€|" he sighed one last time, avoiding eye contact with the blacksmith, continuing his path to Rotsen's home.

Realization soon came to Gobber as he started to hobble faster to stay next to Stoick "W-what? It can't be. The woman's too stubborn to go down,"

"Without a fight. That's what she did."

The two adults stayed silent as they continued on their way. When they finally reached the door Gobber decided to stay outside, knowing Stoick had to break the news to the boy, alone.

Stoick opened the wooden door, ducking inside and used his booming voice to tell Rotsen he was coming in.

The sound of something fall was followed by another sound of feet hitting against the wooden floor before he saw Rotsen jump down the final step of the stairs, holding his staff.

He looked at Stoick, slightly shocked. "Uhâ€| Ch- I mean, Stoick. What brings you here?" the skinny teen hated to admit that he always saw Stoick as a father figure, ever since he came to Berk.

"Sit down son," Stoick told him, taking a seat on another small stool, making it difficult for Rotsen to not laugh.

"Uh, okay." He took a seat in front, also using a stool but looked fine to other people. "So, where is my mother? I thought she'd come home first before heading to the Great Hall or something."



"Yesâ€¦ about that," Stoick had trouble finding his words. He saw Rotsen as a second son. He did resemble his own son, the now famous dragon whisperer, but was slightly more built but still skinner than most teenage Vikings. "Your mother, was a brave women,"

"Wait, was?" Rotsen asked, his eyes starting to grow wide as dinner plates, hoping for what Stoick was about to tell him wasn't true.

"Yesâ€¦ wasâ€¦ Rotsen, sonâ€¦ she gave her life to save my life and the whole ship I returned on. She gave her life to give us time to escape, to live another day to find the blasted nest."

Rotsen's world began to shatter, his eye sight started to go blurry, tears starting to form but he forced himself to not them fall. He gripped onto his staff, the only thing he had to remember his deceased father and now he'd lost the one person he'd never dared thought would leave him. Why, why didn't she think of anything else to keep her alive to? Realization then hit Rotsen as anger arose from him, looking at Stoick.

"Y-you, c-could have saved herâ€¦" He mumbled, not wanting to look at him anymore so he kept his head down.

"I couldn'tâ€¦ she,"

"Don't give me excuses!" He pointed his staff at Stoick. The teen was standing now, anger and dread filling inside him as he continued "You could have saved her!"

"I couldn't! She gave her life to make sure I, and most of the other, could live to see tomorrow." Stoick too stood up, looking down at the teen, trying to stay calm "listen to me son,"

"No! I'm not your son! \_I have no family\_" Rotsen charged out of the house, slamming the door open and ran into the forest. The cool crisp air was burning his eyes, from the tears ready to flow out of him.

"Rotsen!" Stoick yelled at him, running after him but was stopped by Gobber, standing out by the door. "Gobber, let me go!"

"No Stoickâ€¦ the boy just needs time aloneâ€¦" Gobber told, keeping the large man back with his hook hand.

\* \* \*

><p>A Gronckle hovered above the ring, hunting victims as the teen recruits scrambled. Astrid ducked behind a barrier to find Hiccup already there. She forces her axe at his throat.<p>

"Stay out of my way!" Astrid warned. "I'm winning this thing."

"Please, by all means," Hiccup replied, actually meaning it, as he watched her darting off, closing fast on the dragon. The crowd above cheered her on.

It was the trials for the finals. Hiccup and Astrid were the best two so far throughout the training to excel and be in line to make their

first kill as a proper Viking. As much as he didn't want to, Hiccup had to attend. He stood and looked around. Amidst the crowd of onlookers, Stoick watched keenly, beaming with pride. He locked eyes with Hiccup, giving him a nod of encouragement. Hiccup adjusted his new helmet and forced a half-hearted smile, hoping that he would somehow find a way to purposely fail in the trials so that Astrid can take the finals instead of him.

He continued to scan the crowd, locking eyes with Luna, standing near the east wing. She gave him a quick shake, telling him she couldn't find Rotsen. Hiccup sighed, remembering what his father told him. He couldn't risk looking for him at the cove, someone might have followed him and find out about Kalos and Toothless.

Unbeknownst to Hiccup, the Gronckle spots him and makes a bee-line towards him.

He couldn't help himself. His fight-or-flight instincts kicked in and his hands automatically reached over to give the Gronckle the neck-scratch. Before he knew it, the Gronckle was already laid out, and Astrid was left with nothing to kill and nothing to show for. Hiccup shrugged, as unhappy with the situation as she was, and tried to step aside and let her come over to give the Gronckle the killing blow, but the trials was already over and Astrid ended up screaming in frustration and throwing tantrums.

"No! No! No! Son of a half-troll, rat-eating munge bucket!"

A loud clack rang out. From the crowd above, the village Elder stepped forward, tapping her staff. Everyone lit up excitedly, waiting for the Elder's decision.

"So, later," Hiccup attempted to leave but Gobber snagged him right back.

"Not so fast, boy."

"I'm kinda late for!"

"What?" Astrid shouted lividly as she aimed her axe at his throat again. "Late for \_what\_, exactly?"

"OK, quiet down. The elder has decided," Stoick said as he held out his hands to silence the jabbering crowd.

Thrilled, Gobber stands behind Hiccup and Astrid. He pointed to Astrid as the crowd waited in silent anticipation. The Elder shook her head 'no'. The crowd ooh-ed. Gobber then pointed to Hiccup. The elder nods an affirmative 'yes'. The crowd erupted in cheers. Astrid turned a seething, deadly glare on Hiccup.

"You've done it! You've done it, Hiccup!" Gobber exclaimed happily. "You get to kill the dragon!"

"Ha, ha! That's my boy!" Stoick beamed.

Hiccup was hoisted onto Fishlegs' shoulders and carried out to the cheering spectators.

"Heh, heh. Oh yeah! Yes! I can't wait," Hiccup cheered as well,

masking his panic. "I am soâ€¦!"

\_Leaving.\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Now that was a dramatic scene with Rotsen, wouldn't you think? Agree? Disagree? Want me to continue to writing the story? Want to pay me to stop? Well, please review, follow and favorite if you like the story if you like it. I'm not a mind reader so please do tell me if you like it and want it to continue. Till next time!<strong>

## 7. Chapter 7: The Nest

**\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, which belongs to Pixar. I do however own the OCs you will see.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>"Toothless, we're leaving. Let's pack up. Looks like you and me are taking a little vacation, forever."<p>

Toothless and Kalos was nowhere in sight. Hiccup set down his basket and opened it up, his head clouded with troubles. He knew he was running away from them but he had no other choice. If he stayed, he would have to go along with the finals and kill a dragon, which he didn't want to as it would be betraying Toothless and his kind. He had nothing against dragons anyway and there was no reason for him to kill them when he had just started to get to know them. Not to mention Rotsen was still missing. it wouldn't be right to leave his friend but he knew Rotsen would want him to do what he thought was best, same reason why he let Hiccup have the fame and glory. As he checked his supplies, he suddenly heard the sound of a rock against a sword. He looked up to the sound and found Astrid, sitting on the rock right in front of him, sharpening her axe. Luna sat next her but looked like she didn't want to be at the . In all honesty she only came with Astrid cause she brought up all the dragon charming Hiccup has done and how he and Rotsen kept skipping practice and they might find Rotsen if they followed Hiccup.

"Aggh! What theâ€¦!" Hiccup was shocked at first, then tried to recompose himself. "What are you doing here?"

Astrid hopped off the rock and back him down, spinning her axe threateningly. Luna stayed on the rock, keeping an eye out for Rotsen. Hiccup's eyes darted around nervously, searching for Toothless, Kalos, or even Rotsen.

"I want to know what's going on," Astrid said as she walked up to Hiccup, as if cornering him. "No one just gets as good as you do. Especially you. Start talking! Are you training with someone? And where's your friend? Is he training?"

"Uhâ€¦training?" Hiccup pretended to be oblivious about this.

"It better not involve this," Astrid grabbed him by his odd-looking harness.

"I know this looks really bad, but you seeâ€|this is, uhâ€|"

They heard a rustle coming from the other side of the cove. Astrid dropped Hiccup to the ground and set off to investigate. Luna did the same but stayed on her, notching an arrow into her bow, waiting to find her target. Hiccup panicked as he ran towards Astrid, trying to distract her, and hopefully Luna as well.

"You're right! You're right. I'm through with the lies. I've been makingâ€|outfits. So you got me. It's time everyone knew. Drag me back. Go ahead. Here we goâ€|"

Hiccup put her hand back on his harness, getting her to 'drag him back'. Astrid responded by bending Hiccup's hand backwards, driving him down.

"AAAAUUGGGHHH! Why would you do that?"

"That's for the lies," Astrid pounced the hilt of her axe off of Hiccup's laid-out body. "And that's for everything else."

Luna was going to tell Astrid to stop hurting him but Hiccup's yelp was answered with a growl, coming from the other side of the cove. Astrid looked up to see Toothless who was coming out of the shadows, Kalos coming out from another shadow by the pond with Rotsen, sitting on his back lazily and had a board and empty expression. Toothless pounced toward them, snarling as did Kalos but Rotsen kept him back. Hiccup groaned feebly as he knew their cover was blown. As all Vikings would behave when they see a dragon, she dove onto Hiccup.

"Get down! Run! Run!" Astrid pulled her axe, ready to take on Toothless with Luna aiming an arrow at Toothless eye, remembering her training.

"No!" Hiccup knocked Astrid's cocked axe to the ground, out of reach, then stopped Toothless short of crushing her. Luna had already released her arrow but luckily it was stopped by Rotsen, using his staff as a spear. "No. It's okay! It's okayâ€|"

Toothless pulled up short and landed hard, spraying Astrid with sand.

"They're friends."

Toothless snorted in disagreement, and Hiccup could feel it in him. But he had to be the rational party here as he tried to convey his calming feelings to Toothless. He guessed Rotsen wasn't going to do anything but keep Kalos calm, as shown from him not .saying anything and his sad expression. Astrid was a bit frozen with shock as she tried to get on her feet. Toothless still wanted to have a go at her but Hiccup held him back.

"You just scared him," Hiccup said a bit accusingly to Astrid.

"I scared him?" Astrid exclaimed in disbelief. "Who is him?"

"Astrid, Toothless," Hiccup tried to introduce them both. "Toothless, Astrid. Luna, Toothless. Toothless Luna. Kalos, Astrid and Luna.

Astrid and Luna, Kalos."

Toothless growled at Astrid, not too happy to be introduced to someone who wanted to kill him and got in between him and his new companion. Hiccup could feel a hint of jealousy in Toothless' growl, and he knew Toothless knew he has a crush on Astrid. He most likely thinks that she would take the only thing keeping him from staying grounded. Luna however was intrigued with Kalos.

"Kalos..." she mumbled before saying aloud "That's Greek, meaning beautiful dragon."

Rotsen shrugged as he patted Kalos on the head, knowing his dragon would bask in the compliment.

Astrid backed away, eyeing Hiccup and Toothless and then to Kalos and Rotsen together with pure disgust. She turned and ran for the village.

"Ta-tadah, we're dead,"

Satisfied with Astrid's departure and demonstrated his supremacy, Toothless turned away.

"Where do you think you're going?" Hiccup asked Toothless, demanding the dragon to come back.

Toothless grumbled as he stared at Hiccup in bemusement. He knew his companion wanted him to do something, he just didn't want to, but he also knew that there was nothing he could do to persuade Hiccup otherwise, as he could feel Hiccup's nagging from just his stare.

"Well?"

Toothless rolled his eyes. He was going to regret this.

Rotsen watched as Hiccup climbed atop of Toothless before soaring into the air, starting their search. He however stayed, Kalos sensing he didn't want to fly after them. So the dragon started to hobble back into the shadows where they once were in. That was until Luna called out to him.

"Rotsen wait," Kalos stopped, a growl escaping through his lips before Rotsen patted his friend's head. "Where have you been? Hiccup and I have been searching all over for you."

Rotsen stayed silent before sliding off of Kalos. The dragon took this free time to take another nap in the shade, leaving his companion with the other human.

"I was here." He said blankly, letting his staff hang by his side.

"I know now but why? Hiccup wouldn't tell me everything, said it was your story to tell."

The dragon trainer tightened his grip on the staff, sighing before using the staff to support his weight.

He took a deep breath before speaking. "I ran. I ran away from reality and hoped this new one could mend my wounds. Stoick, he came by my home a while ago. He told meâ€| my motherâ€| sheâ€|." He sniffled before forcing his tears to not fall, swallowing his sadness, "she's gone. I blamed him, then my motherâ€| and then myself."

Rotsen let his head hang, feeling depression seep back into him, remembering the look Stoick gave him when he came down stairs and the hopeful look his mother had before leaving.

"Rotsenâ€|" Luna laid a hand on his shoulders, making him look away from the ground, "I know it must hurt and you shouldn't be blaming anyone. Not Stoick, not your mother, or even yourself. She wouldn't want you to stay wallowing and bitter, or at least I don't want you to."

A small smile started to form on his lips, knowing she was right. He straightened up, whistling for Kalos to come over to them. When his dragon came he climbed on his back, getting the hook onto his harness and clicked his staff onto the rack he made.

He looked over to Luna, a familiar grin spread across his face as he asked, "Are you coming or what?"

\* \* \*

><p>Astrid raced through the trees, determined to return to the village to tell everyone what she had just saw. A large shadow overtook her, and she was suddenly snatched into the air.<p>

"Oh great Odin's ghost, this is it!" Astrid screamed in panic, groping at Toothless' claw that held her tight on the shoulder.

Hiccup and Toothless flew Astrid to the top of a towering pine. It bowed and creaked under their weight as Astrid dangled a hundred feet in the air.

"Hiccup! Get me down from here!" Astrid demanded as she tried to keep her hold on the branch she was dropped onto.

"You have to give me a chance to explainâ€|" Hiccup tried to calm her down but Astrid would have none of it.

As the little fit Astrid was making was starting to form Hiccup turned his head towards the sounds of Rotsen calling out to him.

"You actually caught her?" He asked his friend, half amazed they were able to find her. Luna was gripping tightly onto Rotsen, in both fear of falling and her small fear of heights.

"Yeah but it's kind of difficult to explain everything to her,"

"I'm not listening to ANYTHING you have to say!"

"Then I won't speak. Just let me show you," Hiccup pleaded as he extended a hand. "Please, Astrid."

She eyed him and the dragon, then to the other boy and to his Skrill and Luna, then the ground far, far below. After a moment, she swatted Hiccup's outstretched hand away and reluctantly climbed over the pedal, lines, and harness. She settled behind Hiccup, avoiding as much contact as possible.

"Now get me down."

"Toothless? Down," Hiccup urged his companion as he patted softly at Toothless' neck. "Gently."

Toothless leered mischievously, which Hiccup barely just felt but he brushed it away, thinking Toothless wouldn't do what he thought he was going to do. The dragon spread his wings slowly, in which they fill with the updraft. Toothless released the tree, tucks in his legs, and hovered in place.

"See? Nothing to be afraid of!"

Toothless, without warning, suddenly launched straight upward. Astrid screamed in horror as Rotsen sighed, mumbling something about Nightfurys being cocky and telling Luna to hold on tight. The acceleration was tremendous. Every downbeat bucked the saddle, heaving them into the sky, doubling their speed like a rocket. Astrid was thrown backward. She screamed and hugged Hiccup for dear life, squeezing the breath out of him.

"Toothless! What is wrong with you? Bad dragon!" Hiccup shouted, mortified at Toothless' stunt. He tried to reassure Astrid. "He's not usually like this. Oh no!"

Toothless rolled and plummeted toward the coastline far below, making Kalos grin in excitement as he persuaded them, tucking in his wings and diving after them, Rotsen and Luna doing the same so they wouldn't drag the Skrill down. Astrid screamed for her life again as Toothless rocketed over the ocean waves, deliberately dipping them in the froth and soaking them, mostly Astrid as the dip was mostly the tail end. Kalos barely skimmed the water surface, earning a pat from his companion and a small laugh from Luna as she ran a hand through the water.

"Toothless, what are you doing? We need her to like us!"

Toothless ignored Hiccup, rocketing skyward and began tumbling head over tail. Kalos looked up to Rotsen, as if asking if he could do the same, being disappointed when he told him no and to just get into a high altitude.

"And now the spinning," Hiccup groaned in sarcasm. "Thank you for nothing, you useless reptile."

"Okay! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Astrid clamped her hand over her eyes, begging. "Just get me off of this thing!"

Astrid was defeated, her aggressive energy gone. Satisfied, Toothless relented. They leveled off and headed up into the clouds where they were greeted by the others. Astrid opened her eyes again, and looked out over a world she'd never dreamed of. She reached out and touched clouds, pierced columns ablaze in golden hues, and floated over a vast, alien sky-scape. Her terror was replaced by wonder.

She grinned, despite herself. Luna was the same, but a little more extreme. She whispered the idea to Rotsen before nodding, adjusting his weight so Kalos would fly high up, balancing them as Luna let go of Rotsen and stood up. She balanced herself as she let her hands run through the columns of ember clouds, grinning before sitting back down and gripped onto Rotsen a little loosely.

They continued flying about until nightfall, impressing the girls with the high-altitude scenery around them. Toothless and Kalos rose above a blanket of clouds and leveled off under a starry sky. They emerged from a blanket of clouds under the dancing Northern Lights, shimmering in ribbons across the vast sky. Below them, Berk's torches flickered in the inky darkness. The new perspective is breathtaking. Astrid tucked her arms around Hiccup's waist, resting her chin onto his shoulder. Hiccup smiled at that gesture, keeping cool and steady. Luna did the same, tightening her grip around Rotsen, resting her head against his back, making him smile as well and turning his face a slight shade of red.

Both dragons climbed past Berk's tallest peaks and headed out over open water, leaving the village lights behind them, and both girls looked almost like they were reluctant to leave such beautiful scenery

"Alright I admit it. This is pretty cool. It'sâ€¦amazing," Astrid carefully reached down and patted Toothless' side. "He's amazing."

Toothless purred appreciatively.

"Ditto," Luna said softly, "I mean, no wonder you guys always hang around these dragons."

"So what now?" Astrid asked, eliciting a groan from Hiccup. It's a problem without an answer. "Hiccup, your final exam is tomorrow. You know you're going to have to killâ€¦" she lowered her voice so that Toothless and Kalos wouldn't hear, "â€¦kill a dragon."

"Don't remind me. Iâ€¦"

Hiccup's words were cut short when a strange, unearthly din approached. Both dragons' ear plates suddenly stand on end. Panicked, they abruptly dove, dipping into cloud cover.

"Toothless! What's happening? What is it?"

"Kalos, what theâ€¦"

Rotsen stopped, feeling a low growl come off from Kalos, as if telling them to duck down. Suddenly, out of the dense cloud, a Monstrous Nightmare emerged.

"Get down!" Rotsen hissed as they all ducked. The Nightmare called out. A Zippleback appeared to the other side of Toothless and Kalos, boxing them in.

"What's happening?" Luna asked worriedly.

"I don't know," Hiccup admitted, knowing Rotsen was too lost for



words, "Toothless. You've got to get us out of here, bud."

Toothless hissed for them to keep quiet. Other dragons, previously invisible in the thick clouds, appeared all around them. Hundreds of them, all carrying fish and game in their talons.

"It looks like they're hauling in their kill," Rotsen whispered as he stayed still in worry at the sight of a Zippleback eyeing them ravenously.

"What does that make us?" Astrid asked worriedly.

The dragons banked and dived in formation, plummeting through the thickening fog and weaving between towering, craggy sea stacks. They emerged at the base of a massive volcanic caldera, glowing with rivulets of lava. The flock of dragons fell into rank, funneling through a crack, and zipping through a winding tunnel. It gave way to a vast, steamy inner chamber, tiered with poky shelves. Dragons of all breeds laid about, nested in hordes. The arriving dragons fly in, dropping the fish and game into a central pit, glowing red and shrouded in mist.

"What your dad wouldn't give to find this," Rotsen commented in amazement at what they were witnessing.

The dragons peeled away from the procession, landing on a small shadowy shelf to keep a low-profile. The four humans peeked around, taking in the busy hive of sorts. They watched as the food continued to be dropped into the pit.

"Oh, well, it's satisfying to know that all of our food has been dumped down a hole," Hiccup noted sarcastically.

"They're not eating any of it," Rotsen added, feeling his curiosity eat away at him.

Last to arrive was a dim-witted Gronckle. It hovered over the pit and regurgitates his paltry contribution, which was a pathetic little fish. As it fell into the steamy pit, a terrible roar rang out. The Gronckle tried to flee, but before it could even make a move, a gargantuan dragon head suddenly jutted from the steamy pit and snapped it out of the air, swallowing it back whole. Hiccup and Astrid recoiled, terrified as they resisted the urge to gasp or scream in shock while Rotsen and Luna stayed still, as if they were used to this sort of gore.

"Whatâ€¦is that?" Astrid asked in horror.

The monstrous beast sniffed the air, seemingly aware of them. It neared the ledge where the dragons were hiding and roared out loud. Several dragons took flight in fear.

"Alright buddy, we gotta get out of here. Now!"

Toothless didn't need to be told twice as he hurriedly took flight, barely evading the monster's snapping jaws. Kalos did the same, getting better altitude and getting out of there before the giant mouth can even snap at them. The behemoth dragon lunged for them, snatching a Zippleback out of the air instead. Both dragons quickly disappeared into the winged exodus as thousands of dragons fled the

caldera in fear.

\* \* \*

><p>Toothless and Kalos glided into the cove and touched down on the moonlit beach. It was a close call, and they were almost caught, but they managed to get out of the fray. Astrid was far from relieved. In fact, she was absolutely excited as she talked Hiccup's ear off, her mind reeling. Luna and Rotsen stayed silent, listening along with Hiccup.<p>

"No, no, it totally makes sense. It's like a giant beehive. They're the workers, and that's their queen. It controls them!" Astrid leapt off of Toothless and ran towards the village. "Let's find your dad."

"No, no!" Hiccup chased after Astrid. "Not yet. They'llâ€|kill Toothless and Kalos. Astrid, we have to think this through carefully."

Astrid eyed him, incredulous.

"Hiccup, we just discovered the dragons' nest! The thing we've been after since Vikings first sailed here! And you want to keep it a secret? To protect both your and Rotsen's pet dragons? Are you serious?"

"Not my pet. My friend," Hiccup stood firm, resolute. "And yes, I am serious."

"Yâ€|Your friend?" Astrid blinked, looking like as if she just heard that Hiccup had just declared he was a dragon. "Whaâ€|What are you talking about?"

Hiccup sighed before telling her tale of how he and Rotsen met Toothless. How it was their fault that he wouldn't fly anymore and how they also met Kalos and just about everything else that they've been doing at the cove. Astrid and Luna listened to both boys telling the tale, being silent and patient.

"So you seeâ€|I can't let them know about the nest, or Toothless," Hiccup said in a pleading tone. "They'll kill Toothless. They'll kill my friend. I can't let that happen to him. I can'tâ€|bear to lose him, not after everything he and Kalos had taught us both and the revelation we discovered."

"I won't tell a soul." Luna said, finding her voice first, letting her hand lie on Rotsen's shoulder, "You won't either, right Astrid?"

"Oâ€|OKâ€|" Astrid finally found her voice as she relented. "Then what do we do?"

"Just give us until tomorrow. We'll figure something out." Rotsen informed her.

"OK," Astrid then punched Hiccup in the arm. "That's for kidnapping me."

Toothless' growl was heard in the background, but at least he was not

charging towards her again. Astrid then grabbed Hiccup by the scruff of his tunic, kissing him lightly, and sending sparks through his body.

"That's forâ€¦everything else."

In the awkward wake of the moment, Astrid hurries off, leaving Hiccup smiling as he watched her leave. Luna did the same, though giving Rotsen a nerves wave and slight red face before falling pursuit of Astrid.

Kalos made a low growl that sounded much like a laugh. Toothless joined the Skrill, laughing along with him but nudged his companion.

"Stop that," Hiccup told Toothless, red from embarrassment as Rotsen just shoved his dragon, making the Skrill laugh some more.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Hope you guys enjoyed it, please leave a review, favorite and fallow if you want this story to continue. Hope to see you guys in the next chapter<strong>

## 8. Chapter 8: The End of All Things

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, which belongs to Pixar. I do however own the OCs you will see.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>The grounds had been transformed as the finals for Hiccup's road to Viking manhood had begun. Banners and flags flapped in the morning sun. Surrounding the ring, a festive crowd had gathered. All of Berk has turned out for the event. Before the tournament started, Stoick came up to the stand and made his speech aloud to the crowd, with Rotsen by his side. The Viking teen apologized to the chief and they made up. One thing lead to another and Stoick asked his son's friend if he'd like to open the ceremony along with him, since he is practically part of his family.<p>

"Well, I can show my face in public again!" Stoick announced as he laughed along with the villagers humorously. "If someone had told me that in a few short weeks, Hiccup would go from being, wellâ€¦Hiccup, to placing first in dragon training, I would've tied him to a mast and shipped him off for fear he'd gone mad. Yes! And you know it! But here we are. And no one's more surprised or more proud than I am. Today, my boy becomes a Viking. Today, he becomes ONE OF US!"

Stoick raised his hands into the air, causing the crowd to yell some more and grab Rotsen's thin and skinny arm as well. When they all calmed down Stoick nudged the teen, telling him to go on now.

The teen coughed nervously, ignoring the small odd stirs before speaking. "He finally is one of us Stoick, or you rather, since we know I'm not there yet," he caused laughter to erupt in the crowd, a good sign, "but all in all we're all surprised, impressed and maybe even envious. All I have to say is that I'm proud to be Hiccup's friend and part of this family. To the future victories!"

Hiccup was standing at the entrance to the ring, listening, looking burdened as cheers and roars echoed the ring but laughed around the end of his friend's speech, knowing he was lying through his teeth. In fact he felt almost sick to the stomach thinking about what he was going to do and what would happen if either succeed or not. While he was lost in his thoughts, Astrid approached him with Luna with her since she couldn't really hang around Rotsen during this whole fiasco.

"Be careful with that dragon," Astrid tried to offer her support.

"It's not the dragon I'm worried about," Hiccup said, trying to sound upbeat, but was not really convincing.

"You look a little pale. You alright there, Hiccup?" Luna asked, worried that he'll pass out on the field.

"Yeah, well, if you count me waking up as if being spun around in a whirlpool and hurling my guts out before I got here, as well as losing all appetite for breakfast as alright, I'm perfectly fine."

"What are you going to do?" Astrid asked worriedly.

"Put an end to this," Hiccup noticed both girl's dubious look and sighed, "I have to try. Astrid, Luna, it maybe just my nerves, but if something goes wrong just make sure they don't find Toothless, or even Kalos."

"We will," Astrid replied grimly. "Just promise me it won't go wrong."

Hiccup couldn't. He couldn't even guarantee that he would survive this. Gobber soon approached, looking very excited for him.

"It's time, Hiccup. Knock him dead."

Hiccup nodded and put his helmet on before entering the ring. He could hear his fellow peers hooting and hollering from the stands, shouting their support and cheering for his success. Hiccup then locked eyes with Stoick. Stoick nodded with a smile and he returned a half-smile. He then locked eyes with Rotsen. He gave him a pitted look, giving him luck. Taking a deep breath, he hoisted a shield onto his forearm and selected his weapon from a rack of many, which was a small dagger. He then turned to face a bolted, heavy door and took another deep breath.

"I'm ready."

The door bolt was raised. The crowd grew quiet, waiting in anticipation. The doors then suddenly blasted open the next second with a stream of sticky fire, followed by a Monstrous Nightmare, coated in flames. It tore out of its cave like an irate bull as the crowd roared and jeered. It climbed the walls and chain enclosure like a bat, hissing at the provoking crowd and blasting fire, in which the crowd quickly moved out of the way.

It soon spotted Hiccup and descended, leering and licking the flaming

drool from its lips. The crowd grew silent, bracing for the big fight. Rotsen mumbled to himself, prying that Hiccup would survive this and do what they planned out. With the Monstrous Nightmare's eyes locked upon him, Hiccup deliberately dropped his shield and dagger, stepping away from them. The dragon paused, confused at what he was doing. The crowd and Stoick were equally confused, wondering what he was doing, all but the three teens. Their eyes slightly widening and hope the plan would work. The dragon pressed closer, snorting. Hiccup extended his open hand, eliciting a snarl from it.

"It's OK. It's OKâ€¦!"

The dragon continued to pace, focused on Hiccup's helmet. Hiccup realized that, figuring out that dragons view this helmet as a symbol of their enemy. He slowly reached up and removed it. Taking a breath to acknowledge the point of no return, he tossed the helmet aside.

"I'm not one of them."

Gasps and murmurs raced through the crowd. All eyes turned to Stoick and Rotsen for questions, and it was clear that he was welling with upset but were shocked seeing Rotsen not even reacting to anything but the scene being portrait before him. Hiccup avoided Stoick's glare and remained focused on the Nightmare, holding his hand out. It paced around him, calming down.

"Stop the fight," Stoick ordered.

"Leave him!" Rotsen raised his voice, starting to go toe to toe with Stoick, gripping onto his staff for support.

"Stop the fight, NOW!" Stoick shouted, placing his authority over the teen beside him.

"No. I need you all to see this," Hiccup said determinedly, knowing that the crowd was getting restless. "They're not what we think they are. We don't have to kill them."

The Monstrous Nightmare got even closer, to the point where its snout was really close to Hiccup's middle. It started sniffing about, as if picking up a scent, and its eyes seemed to show some form of surprise and curiosity as it continued sniffing him. Hiccup was about to lay his hand on its muzzle when the Nightmare leaned in and flickered its tongue onto Hiccup's middle, as if trying to lick him. To everyone's point of view, it was as if the Nightmare was trying to get a taste of him and Stoick, worried for his son's life, lost his cool.

"I SAID STOP THE FIGHT!"

Stoick went for his hammer, stumbling over when Rotsen hooked his staff under Stoick's feet, making the large man fall. The chief was shocked, seeing the skinny teen actually stopping him. The large man grunted angrily before grabbing Rotsen's staff, tossing it and the skinny teen away. He moaned in pain, his back hitting two chairs and breaking both. Stoick stood up and whacked his hammer against the iron enclosure, rattling the arena with a terrible reverberating clatter. Spooked, the Nightmare snapped at Hiccup's outstretched hand. Hiccup yelped and sprang backwards. The spell was broken. The

Nightmare reacted to Hiccup's sudden movements and blasted another stream of fire. Hiccup screamed and barely dived out of reach, scrambling around the ring for dear life. The Nightmare pursued, snapping and springing from ground to wall. Stoick pushed through the crowd, rushing to the doorway.

"Out of my way!" Stoick shouted as he pushed his way through the crowd to get to the ring entrance.

"Hiccup!" Astrid exclaimed worriedly as she wedged her axe under the arena gate as Luna tried to lift it with her bare hands and squeezed through, trying to come to Hiccup's rescue.

A narrow stream of fire narrowly avoided Hiccup as he continues to dash around the ring, evading the Monstrous Nightmare. Desperate, he went to the weapon rack in an attempt to arm himself, but the Nightmare quickly destroyed the rack and closed in on him. Stoick wrenched the grated door to the arena and jumped through. The Monstrous Nightmare was only a few feet behind Hiccup. Astrid and Luna were soon in the ring, both picking up a very large and heavy hammer and hurled it at the Monstrous Nightmare, hitting it in the head. It turned its attention to the girls, and began chasing them. Stoick raised the arena gate, waving them toward it.

"This way!"

The girls made it through, but the Nightmare blasted the doorway, cutting Hiccup off. It pounced on him and prepared to finish him off. Suddenly, a terrible roar pierced the din as Toothless appeared out of the blue. It seemed that Toothless had sensed that Hiccup was in danger, or possibly heard the commotion, and managed to claw its way out of the cove to his rescue. It bounded over the crowd and blasted a hole through the chain enclosure. He flew through it and disappeared in the boiling smoke. The Vikings rushed to the railings in time to see a flurry of wings cutting through the dissipating smoke. Once the smoke cleared, everyone saw that it was the legendary Night Fury battling against the Monstrous Nightmare and were no less than shocked. Toothless and the Nightmare tumbled into the clear, locked in a toothy, vicious fight. Toothless kicked the Nightmare off and planted himself between Hiccup and it. The Nightmare snarled, circling them. Toothless lunged and roared, causing the Nightmare to relent and back away. Once the Nightmare was gone, Hiccup quickly got onto his feet and grabbed Toothless protectively.

"Alright, Toothless, go. Get out of here!"

He could sense Toothless' relief that his companion was alright wash over him, but he couldn't reciprocate as the crowd was growing livid at what they were witnessing. Hiccup tried to shoo Toothless away in vain as Vikings began pouring in, clambering through the enclosure and dropping into the ring.

"Go! GO! Please!" Hiccup begged but the bond told him that Toothless was not leaving without him.

"Night Fury!"

"Take it alive!"

Stoick grabbed an axe and charged into the arena in the midst of the

commotion. Astrid and Luna called out to him, panicked, trying to stop him in vain.

"Dad! No! He won't hurt you!" Hiccup begged as the other Vikings surrounded and attack Toothless. His heart clenched as he watched Toothless tossing them aside like rag dolls, his eyes focused on Stoick, hell-bent on keeping this massive man away from hurting his mate. "No, don't! You're only making it worse!"

Stoick raised his axe as he charged for Toothless. Toothless ducked and pounced on him. They tumbled end over end until Toothless was on top of him, pinning him down.

"Toothless! STOP!"

Toothless inhaled, the familiar hiss of gas building as he got ready to burn Stoick into a crisp

"\_NO!\_"

Toothless felt the urgency from Hiccup's command and swallowed back the blast. He turned to Hiccup, not understanding why he wouldn't let him kill the man that was going to hurt him, and that feeling of hurt and worry washed over Hiccup as he saw into his dragon's eyes. It didn't take long for Stoick to take advantage of this situation. He kicked the Night Fury off him and raised his axe, ready to kill.

"\_NO!\_" Hiccup yelled again, being ignored by his father as he let his axe fall.

Everything was silent for a moment until everyone gasped in shock. Toothless was prowled behind an animalistic Rotsen. He held his staff in his right hand as his left arm hanged lazily by his hand, obviously broken. He was breathing heavily and was staring down the chief.

"You won't kill this dragon... Stoick"

Stoick eyed the teen down, half impressed but mostly livid. He breathed heavily from the adrenalin now leaving him.

"Move, boy."

Rotsen stayed silent before looking over to Hiccup and the girls. He looked back to Stoick.

"Over my dead body."

Stoick let out a small battle cry before grabbing the teen and got him into a grip so he couldn't move.

"Put it with the rest."

His burning glare turned to Hiccup and Rotsen as town's folk started to cuff the dazed Toothless and dragging him into one of the cages. The two teens knew they had some serious explaining to do.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup was shoved into the dank, dimmed Great Hall as Rotsen just fell to the ground, his legs finally giving in. The massive doors rattled and echoed as Stoick slammed it shut. Stoick pushed past the, Hiccup now helping his friend up as he held onto his broken staff. He paced against a backdrop of shadowy tapestries and carved pillarsâ€"a legacy of heroes, all peering down in angered judgment.<p>

"I should have known. I should have seen the signs," Stoick muttered as he paced.

"Dadâ€|" Hiccup started but was stopped short by Stoick's bellow.

"We had a deal!"

"I know we did, but that was beforeâ€|" Hiccup was totally flustered as he ran a free hand through his hair in frustration. "Ughh, it's all so messed up."

"So everything in the ring. A trick? A lie?"

"I screwed up. I should have told you before now. Take this out on us, be mad at us, but pleaseâ€|just don't hurt Toothless."

"The dragon?" Stoick exclaimed in disbelief. "That's what you're worried about? Not the people you both almost killed?"

"He was just protecting Hiccup!" Rotsen yelled, adrenalin hitting him again "He's not dangerous!"

"Not dangerous!? Did you see what he tried to do to me?"

"He thought you were a threat! He thought you were trying to hurt Hiccup! He's just doing what any dragon would do for their companions!" Rotsen couldn't stand it. He now let out all his pent up anger on Stoick.

"Companion!? You meanâ€|you two andâ€|and that dragonâ€|?" Stoick looked at both boys in anger and betrayal.

"Yes, we're, no, Hiccup, is his companion, his friend and dragon as he is Toothless companion and human, both equal."

"You both gave into a dragon? Have any of you two have self-respect, or shame?"

"This has nothing to do about shame!" Hiccup finally spoke up, speaking for himself, "He understands me more than you ever did and he accepts me for who I am, not what I am!"

"They've killed HUNDREDS OF US!"

"And we've killed THOUSANDS OF THEM! They defend themselves, that's all!" Hiccup begged in the midst of Stoick pacing around dismissively. "They raid us because they have to! If they don't bring enough food back, they'll be eaten themselves. There'sâ€|something else on their island, Dadâ€|It's a dragon likeâ€|"

"Their island?" Stoick leaned in accusingly. "So you've been to the nest?"



"D-Did I say nest?" Hiccup went silent; he said too much.

"How did you find it?"

"No, I didn't. Toothless did. Only a dragon can find the island"

Stoick glared. A moment passed, and then an idea took form on his face, his eyes flared. Hiccup watched, realizing what his father had in mind. Stoick stomped toward the doorway.

"Oh no. No, Dad. No," Hiccup let go of Rotsen and chased after him, panicked. "Dad, It's not what you think. You don't know what you're up against. It's like nothing you've ever seen! Dad, Please. I promise you that you can't win this one," he grabbed Stoick by the arm, tugging with all his might. "Dad, for once in your life, would you please just listen to me?"

Stoick threw Hiccup off of him, swatting him to the floor next to Rotsen. There was an icy stillness in the air as Hiccup stared back, stunned at his father's reaction.

"You've thrown your lot in with them. You're a cursed child now and you have cursed us all. \_Both of you \_are not Vikings," Stoick turned to look at them, the same look he had when Hiccup and Rotsen's mothers died.

"Dadâ€¦pleaseâ€¦don'tâ€¦" both boys said in pledging voices.

"None of you are my sons."

Stoick pushed through the door, leaving both boys alone, Hiccup devastated as Rotsen filled with anger again. Hiccup, staggering on the steps, breaking inside, Stoick called out for all the Vikings to ready the ships, oblivious to Hiccup's cries and Rotsen's angry glare.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Hope you guys enjoyed it, please leave a review, favorite and fallow if you want this story to continue. Hope to see you guys in the next chapter<strong>

## 9. Chapter 9: The Final Battle!

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\* \* \*

><p>Rotsen began to stir as he felt a warm hand brush his bangs away from his forehead and heard a familiar voice speak.<p>

"He's starting to wake up."

The skinny teen's eyes fluttered open, pain flowing into his broken arm and forehead.

"Ugh, whatâ€¦?"

He looked around, seeing that he was still in the Great Hall, but with more people than last time. Hiccup was standing a few feet in front of him with Astrid standing beside him, looking as tired as he felt. Standing a few feet away from them were the twins, Fishlegs and Snotlout, all having slight worried expressions. He looked beside him and felt his face heat up when he say that Luna was the one caring for him, making sure he wasn't lying on the floor.

"Uh, what happened?"

"You passed out," Hiccup answered, starting to twirl both pieces of his broken staff, "for a little bit. After my dad left you yelled and passed out from stress and possibly your arm."

"I'm gonna need to tend to it." Luna said as she helped him up, making sure she wasn't hurting him.

"Wait, what aboutâ€¦" He gave his friend a look, asking about their problem.

"I gave them a quick summer over everything,"

That's when the four other teens started to throw questions at him.

"Are you crazy?"

"How were you able to tame a Skrill!?"

"How big is the thing exactly?"

"Was it dangerous?"

Rotsen grabbed his forehead, feeling his head ace getting worse. They started to get the hint, stopping their questions, except for Ruffnut, getting into his personal space.

"You know, that was extremely stupid, brave, and cool. I like that." She gave him a suggestive smile that made him both scared and queasy.

"Ease off, Ruff." Luna gave the other blonde a small glare; making her back off before Rotsen spoke again.

"Then what are we going to do? No doubt your dads gonna use Toothless and maybe send a search party for Kalos."

"I don't knowâ€¦" Hiccup hanged his head in shame, gripping onto the broken pieces of the staff.

Astrid put a comforting hand on his shoulder while the rest of the team watched on, feeling rather sorry for him and Rotsen.

"Your dad doesn't leave Berk for the nest until tomorrow morning. That'll give you two enough time to think of a plan and for Rotsen to heal a bit."

Hiccup nodded, losing his grip slightly before starting to give

orders.

"Alright, Luna you're in charge of healing Rotsen. Rot, don't worry about your staff; I'll take care of it. Everyone else be ready for anything."

Everyone nodded before heading out of the Great Hall, heading for their homes except for Hiccup who headed for the forge with the pieces, grinning as blue prints started to form in his head.

\* \* \*

><p>"Easy now," Luna said as she help Rotsen down on his bed, making sure his arm was okay. She had to leave him alone in his house for a bit before running to her home to gather her medical satchel. "I'm gonna need you to take off your shirt."<p>

"Uhâ€|" He gave her a look before being slightly yelled at and to not argue with the doctor.

He obliged, slipping off his long sleeved tunic and ignoring the small pain that was sent through his body. Luna took out a jar filled with gray paste as he did so, trying to stay focused on the task at hand. When she looked up her face had a tint of red when she saw him, surprised that his build didn't match him at all. It was true, out of him and Hiccup he was the strongest and fastest of the two but he could never match Hiccup's patience and genius.

She then started to lightly touch his shoulder area, seeing the arm was dislocated. She let out an irritated sigh when she saw him wince, knowing she was right.

"It's dislocated. I'm gonna need to pop it back into place."

"Is it going to hurt?" He looked down to her, gripping onto the edge of his bed.

"No, not at all, it's as simple as," without warning she pulled on his arm and pushed down onto his shoulder blade, popping the arm back into place and heard his screams of pain.

"Agh! Motherâ€| agh!"

"Sorry," she told him as she ignored the small glare she gave her as she opened the jar and spreading the gray paste on his shoulder and back, knowing it too was sore.

The room was filled in silence as they worked until Luna broke it.

"Hey, remember what happened yesterday?"

"Yeah, what about it?"

"Well, I guess I owe you my back story since you did give me a free ride and all."

"Pray tell," he raised an eyebrow at her, asking where this was going.

"I might as well tell you my story."

"Seems fair enoughâ€|"

Luna sighed before starting to take out a long roll of linen cloth and starting her tale. "Well as you know I'm from Helhiem's Gate. My parents aren't actually my parents. My real parents died during one of the dragon raids. My dad was a fighter and my mother was a blacksmith. I use a bow since that all I was allowed to use when I was younger. So all day when I was younger I'd practice and every day I got better. One day when I was ten my dad was fighting off the dragon raid, telling me and my mom to take shelter at my old home. My mother took me home and told me to stay in the cupboard, not to come out no matter what I hear and that she was going to be right back. I eventually fell asleep from the long wait. When I woke up I head wood being chopped. I was surprised when I saw an axe brake through the cupboard door. Turned out my house was burned down and collapsed. I survived and I asked the villagers that helped me out where my parents were. The chief took me to our Great Hall and told me the story. My dad was charred and my mom was taken by one of the dragons. I was devastated. After that my mother's friend took care of me and we soon moved here."

Silence fell again as Rotsen looked down to the ground before mumbling "I'm sorry."

She gave him a smile before making him look up by tapping his sore spot. "It's alright. Besides, out of all of this I got to meet you, Hiccup and everyone else."

Rotsen returned the smile as he stood up and grabbed Luna's hands. "Get up."

"Wait, where we going?" She gave him a look before helping him slip his tunic back on.

"How's about this time we go flying high and have some more fun?" He gave her a smile, making her forget his injury and smile back, running with him out of his home and to the cove.

\* \* \*

><p>Broken-down catapults and trebuchets were bundled up and lowered from the cliffs. Below on the docks, Vikings loaded the heavy artillery into the hulls of awaiting ships. Children and the elderly gather to on the walkways to wave apprehensive farewells to the departing warriors. Lastly, Toothless was loaded aboard Stoick's ship, chained down to a palette, muzzled, and restrained with a weighty neck ring. The legendary Night Fury who was heralded to be the most dangerous, most intelligent and most elusive dragon now looked exhausted and miserable, weighed down by defeat and anguish, knowing that his legendary claim was no longer feared.<p>

Stoick crossed to the bow as the ship pushed off and joined the amassed armada of ships adrift in the harbor. Stoick's brow was furrowed, all warmth drained away. He turned west and glared at the horizon with cold determination.

"Set sail! We head for Helheim's Gate."

He then noticed Hiccup watching from his familiar cliff-side perch beyond the village. Their eyes met, full of hurt and regret. He noticed Hiccup looked a little pale and drained, but did not think much of it. Hiccup slowly shook his head in warning, biting his lip and gripped onto the newly built staff. Stoick then heard Toothless snort and grunt, as if feeling Hiccup's presence without even needing to see him up there, and it made the Chief of Tribe's blood boil. It reminded Stoick of his son—"his only son"—and his friend betraying everything he stood for and giving himself to the enemy he and his generations before him had sworn to fight to the death. He broke the stare and turned to Toothless, fuming.

"Lead us home, \_Devil\_."

Toothless gave Stoick one final defiant glare before the ship started leaving the docks. Hiccup continued watching as the ships set sail. He was powerless to stop what was happening, but won't leave. He was not about to let Toothless go alone in this journey of no return. He continued to stand there for goodness knows how long, even after the ships have long since cleared the horizon, trying to think of a plan. Astrid, who came to see how Hiccup was doing, was standing behind him. She approached cautiously and stood beside him in silence.

"It's a mess," Astrid slowly broke the ice.

Hiccup didn't respond.

"You must feel horrible. You've lost everything. Your father, your tribe, almost lost your best friend and now your dragon—"

"Thank you for summing that up," Hiccup retorted. After another momentary silence, he sighed. "Why couldn't I have killed that dragon when I found him in the woods? Or let Rotsen do it? It would have been better for everyone."

"Yep. The rest of us would have done it," Astrid agreed, then turned to him. "So why didn't you?"

Hiccup just shook his head. He really didn't know how to answer that. Astrid's eyes glimmered, as if not satisfied with that response.

"Why didn't you?"

"I don't know. I couldn't."

"That's not an answer."

"Why is this so important to you all of a sudden?" Hiccup asked, irritated at her probing.

"Because I want to remember what you say right now," Astrid said indignantly.

"Oh for the love of—" Hiccup turned to her, exasperated. "I was a coward! I was weak. I wouldn't kill a dragon."

"You said 'couldn't' that time," Astrid pointed out.

"Whatever! I wouldn't! Three hundred years and I'm the first Viking who wouldn't kill a dragon! Guess I'm really cursed now, am I? You happy now?"

Hiccup looked away, trying to hold back angry tears and wanted to snap Rotsen's newly made staff. He didn't want Astrid to see him cry, and he really felt like crying right now, thinking about all the mistakes he and his friend had done, all the wretched choices they made, and now left with the overwhelming responsibility of carrying the burden that he let his companion die and not doing anything to stop it.

"First to ride one, though."

Hiccup blinked. He never looked at it that way before.

"Soâ€¦?" Astrid probed some more. Hiccup put a hand onto his middle, his mind going back to the first day he met Toothless and that fateful decision that changed his life forever.

"â€¦I wouldn't kill him because he looked as frightened as I was," Hiccup said in realization, remembering the look Toothless gave him when he was about to kill him that seemed oddly familiar to him. "I looked at himâ€¦and I saw myself."

"I bet he's really frightened now," Astrid said as she turned to face the open sea. "What are you going to do about it?"

"We're going to do something very stupid," Rotsen yelled out.

The two turned around to see Rotsen on top of Kalos and Luna gripping onto his back.

"Rotsen, what are you doing here? You're still injured and Kalos could get killed out here." Hiccup stood up now, worry starting to take over again.

"Forget about all of that," He told his friend as he jumped off of Kalos and looked at his staff, "wait, is that reallyâ€¦?"

Hiccup did a double take before nodding, handing the Staff back to his friend. It was still made of bamboo but he made some modifications. In the middle, where it was snapped, he reconnected them with a small iron band and added blade onto the top end and around the same end, making it slightly more deadly and added iron at the other end to balance the thing out.

"Yup, added some modifications."

Rotsen spun it around with his right arm, liking the feeling of it. He gave his friend their famous awkward one arm man hugs.

"Anyways, we're gonna do something really stupid."

"We are?" Hiccup gave his friend a questionable look.

"We are."

"You've already done that." Luna shouted atop of Kalos as the dragon nodded in agreement.

"Then something crazy." Hiccup pitched in, hoping Rotsen knew what he was doing.

"That's more like it." Astrid chimed along, getting excited.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup raised the bolt on the Monstrous Nightmare's pen as Rotsen broke the lock to the Timberjack as the team gathered in the ring. They were all rudely awakened from their beds to rendezvous there and needless to say, none of them were too happy about it, even with Kalos keeping guard by the entrance.<p>

"If you're planning on getting yourselves eaten, I'd definitely go with the Gronckle," Fishlegs noted.

"You were wise to seek help from the world's most deadly weapon," Tuffnut stepped forward with a scowl, then seeing Hiccup's confused face, he clarified, "It's me."

"I love this plan," Snotlout, the ever brown-noser butted in.

"I didn'tâ€|" Hiccup mumbled as he glared at his friend. He wanted to say that he hadn't yet told them about the plan, but Ruffnut pushed past Snotlout.

"You're crazy," Ruffnut admonished, but then looked at him sultry. "I like that."

"So? What is the plan?" Astrid asked as she pulled Ruffnut's braid and shoved her out of the way.

The two skinny teens smiled, glowing in the support of his friends. Hiccup opened the door of the Nightmare's pen as Rotsen stepped into the darkness. Before he did so he launched his staff into the wall near Kalos, penetrating the wall. He not approached the Nightmare, he had his hands outstretched as he did during the finals, showing it that he was not a threat. The dragon sniffed about him for a moment. Rotsen smiled and nodded before he laid a gentle hand on the dragon's muzzle, slowly backing away.

He soon stepped back from the door, drawing the Monstrous Nightmare out of its cave. It snorted, stepping into the ring, calmed by Rotsen's outstretched hand and focused on him and his hand. The teens were bewildered, in awe at what they were witnessing. Snotlout was still a little apprehensive and nervously reached for a spear lying near his foot, but was stopped by Astrid with a smack on his shoulder. Rotsen slowed to a stop in front of the teens, with the Nightmare inches from his outstretched hand. Hiccup grabbed Snotlout's hand and made him stay as Rotsen led the Nightmare towards them

"Wait! What are youâ€|!" Snotlout was horrified at what the two skinny teens were trying to do.

"Relax," Hiccup assured him. "It's okayâ€|it's okay."

Hiccup carefully replaced Rotsen's outstretched hand with Snotlout's, putting him in control of the massive beast. The Nightmare snorted,

but remained calm. Snotlout, by contrast, chuckles nervouslyâ€"it was both terrifying and amazing as the others watched, spellbound at how docile the fearsome dragon arsonist was before them. The two teens turned and walked away, leaving Snotlout with the Nightmare.

"Where are you going?" Snotlout asked, still plenty terrified at being alone with the dragon.

"You're going to need something to help you hold on," Hiccup said as he pulled a bundle of rope from a supply box.

As the teens eye each other apprehensively, Rotsen continued to break all the locks to the cages, releasing all the dragons that were once trapped, all who were lurking out of the cages. The Zippleback hissing worrying at the sight of Hiccup, the Gronckle smacking its jaws loosely, the Nadder narrowing its eyes at Rotsen wanting a rematch and a confused Timberjack eyeing the humans and Skrill by the exit.

"So," Rotsen started to say as he tossed his staff away, as step one of the process, "Who'd like to go next?"

\* \* \*

><p>The battle was a total disaster as the Vikings fought in vain to conquer the Red Death. They have hurled every weapon that had in hopes of coming close to even denting the massive dragon but nothing seemed to work as it was just as aggressive as ever.<p>

It did not start off like this. When they were on their way to the nest's location, their visibility dropped dramatically once they coasted toward a shroud of heavy fog, hung like drapes from a low-hanging, ominous sky. Massive, jagged sea stacks emerged around them during their maneuvers, threatening to rip the ships to shreds. They would've been lost like the last time they went nest-hunting if it weren't for Stoick noticing Toothless' ear plates at the alert, quietly reacting to inaudible sounds only his dragon ears could catch. Covertly following Toothless' head movements, Stoick was able to sail through the gauntlet of rocks, making their way closer and closer towards their destination.

Once they were closing in, there were met with a clicking buzz, growing louder as they went closer, filling the sky, converging in one general direction. The buzzing sound led them to into shallow black sand, with pebble-like black rocks littering everywhere on the sprawling beach. A craggy volcano towered into the gloom as everyone got ready for the fight. Tree trunks were sharpened and planted into the sand at angled rows. Boulders were loaded into catapult baskets. After making a couple of war plans, Stoick led the troops by going first towards the base of the volcano wall, back by several hundred warriors.

After signaling for the catapults to launch their load into the cliff wall, everyone was taken by surprise when the flaming bushel they prepared beforehand to be launched into the cavity revealed that the cavern was choked with dragons. Stoick pulled his hammer and rushed into the cave, brazen as he tried to slash at the dragons, and in a chaotic flurry, the dragons suddenly rush out like bats from a cave. They took to the air, bypassing the axe-swinging Vikings and fleeing the island in a mass exodus. Above the island, dragons poured from



every crevice, fleeing to the sky. Once the sound of screeching dragons faded, everyone rejoiced as they thought they had won the war against the dragons and drove them out of their home, but Stoick saw that Toothless did not look happy and he still heard a distant roaring within the dark throat of the cavern.

Before he could tell everyone that it was not over, all hell broke loose as the gargantuan Red Death emerged through settling debris of ground cracking and stone tearing away, cascading like an avalanche. The troops tried everything. They launched their catapults and scored direct hits, but the burning stones bounced off the dragon's skin and were smashed and crushed within seconds. They tried taking cover at the ships but the dragon saw through it as it blasted the ships like a mile-long flamethrower, the sails torched. Vikings who got on those ships dived overboard for their lives and masts came down on them. All spears and axes and hammers thrown at it barely even made a scratch and they had no means to escape with all the ships destroyed.

Stoick and Gobber decided to become the distraction while one of the Viking Generals led the troops to the far side of the island. The Red Death seemed to be able to tell that Stoick was the leader of the troops as it focused on Stoick instead of Gobber, despite the blacksmith trying to get its attention. It reared back and inhaled, amassing the gas and was ready to fire when suddenly a blast exploded against the back of The Red Death's head. A little dazed, it turned to see a Nadder punched through the flames, banking across the sky, followed by a Monstrous Nightmare, a Zippleback, a Timberjack, a Skrill, and a Gronckle.

As they rolled in unison, they revealed the recruits riding on their backs. Rotsen and Hiccup were leading the team, with Astrid and Luna by both their sides. Gobber and Stoick watched slack-jawed in awe.

"Ruff, Tuff, watch your backs!" Hiccup shouted. "Move, Fishlegs!"

The monster shook off the blast and snapped in their wake. Hiccup directed his squadron out of harm's way. They climbed out of reach and circled each other.

"Look at us, we're on a dragon!" Tuffnut shouted to the crowd proudly. "We're on dragons, all of us!"

"Up, let's keep a move on!" Rotsen called out as the dragons climbed past the Red Death.

"Every bit the boar-headed, stubborn Viking you ever were!" Gobber said as he hobbled over to Stoick.

Stoick is speechless, only nodding in agreement as the group circled over the dragon's head.

"Fishlegs, break it down to us," Rotsen said, addressing Fishlegs as a tactical member of the team.

"Okay. Heavily armored skull and tail made for bashing and crushing," Fishlegs started. "Steer clear of both. Small eyes, large nostrils. Relies on hearing and smell."

"Okay. Lout, Legs, stay in its blind spot. Make some noise, keep it confused. Ruff, Tuff, Luna, find out if it has a shot limit. You gotta make it mad."

"That's my specialty," Ruffnut said proudly.

"Since when? Everyone knows I'm more irritating. See?" Tuffnut demonstrated by making irritating sounds at Ruffnut.

"Just do what he's says," Luna groaned exasperatedly as Hiccup chimed in.

"We'll be back as soon as we can."

"Don't worry, we got it covered!"

Hiccup and Rotsen peeled away. The teens banked and dived toward the monster, splitting up. The twins raced alongside the monster's head, taunting it as Luna stood her Timberjack's back, firing several arrows to irritate it as the twins went for the verbal attacks.

"Troll!"

"Butt Elf!"

"Bride of Grendel!"

The Red Death unloaded a spray of fire at the twins and closed its mouth quickly when it felt several arrows hitting the gums under its teeth. They barely dodged it, while Fishlegs and Snotlout hung behind its eyes, banging away at their shields, making a racket. The Red Death opened all six of its eyes, spotting them.

"Uh, this thing doesn't have a blind spot!" Fishlegs announced worriedly.

Unfortunately the two skinny teens were away from earshot as they went searching for Toothless. Hiccup spotted him among the burning ships, still tied in his restraints.

"There!" Hiccup exclaimed as Rotsen steered Kalos over the deck. He lined up his jump, Rotsen making sure Kalos was close enough, and hopped off, guarding his face from the flames and landed on the burning deck. He turned to Rotsen, "Go help the others!"

"You sure you're OK, man?" Rotsen asked worrying, playing with his staff clipped to the side of his saddle, "maybe I should do it."

"It's alright, you gotta give some firepower. I'll be fine. Just go!"

As Rotsen and Kalos took off, Hiccup fought his way to Toothless. He unbuckled the muzzle and Toothless shrieked at him, as if demanding what was he doing.

"I'm sorry, okay? Just hold on. Hold on," Hiccup said apologetically as he got to work on the chains.

Meanwhile Kalos zoomed past Astrid as she was trying to get the Vikings to safety, then the twins, and the meet with Luna.

"How's it going on your side of things?"

"It all fine." She mumbled before firing another arrow, missing one of the many six eyes. "Besides that miss."

Rotsen pulled back the reins, signaling for Kalos to fire. He obliged and shot a white fireball, hitting the Red Death's left cheek.

"That's how you do it!" He shouted before gliding away from a blast.

"Show off!" Luna yelled back as she gotten her Timberjack to stabilize and fired three arrows, hitting their mark, being one of the many eyes.

"Show off!" Rotsen mumbled as he saw Luna's smug grin, hearing Kalos making a chuckling sound.

Behind them, the monster's tail swept across the burning ships, snapping masts like twigs, as it tried to shake off the rest of the teens who were trying to bring it down and find its weak spots. One of them crashes onto a deck near the ship where Hiccup and Toothless were on. Try as he might, he couldn't budge them and Toothless was begging him with his shrieks and growls to get to safety when he saw fire licking at his companion's clothes. The Red Death blasted at the teens, enraged at their persistence. The monster's giant foot crashed through frame, smashing the bow under its impressive weight.

Hiccup and Toothless were immediately thrown into the water in a maelstrom of burning planks and rigging. Hiccup, after getting his bearings, swam toward Toothless. They were both caught in a mess of rigging, being dragged down, the heavy palette settled into the rocky bottom like an anchor. Toothless has stopped struggling, but Hiccup was not about to give up. He did not come all this way to watch his dragon drown, not while they were this close both are in the clear. Hiccup took one more hopeless tug at the chains before he slowly started to blackout as he was almost out of air. Toothless let out a watery roar, worried out of his mind as he watched Hiccup loosening his grip on the chains.

Suddenly, a meaty hand grabbed Hiccup and pulled up to the shoreline through flaming debris. Hiccup was overwhelmed to see that his savior was Stoick, who lay him down under the shelter of an overhanging rock before diving back into the water between flaming flotsam. A few tense moments later, Toothless landed on the shore in an explosion of sea water, setting Stoick down and releasing him. Hiccup was awed as he realized that Stoick actually went back to get Toothless and released him from his restraints for him. Toothless immediately went to Hiccup, licking him and grinning madly with his gummy smile.

"I'm OK, bud," Hiccup whispered as he sobbed a little in relief. "I'm OK. I'm sorry I risked it now. I just couldn't leave you behind. I'm sorry."

The ground suddenly rumbled underfoot, bringing them back to the

situation at hand. The monster screeched, its massive claws stomped around in the smoke. Toothless quickly mounted the rock and raised his wings. He turned to Hiccup and snorted, as if telling him to get this over and done with, and the little bond they had was telling Hiccup that he would trust and protect him and get through this. Hiccup smiled happily as he made his way to him.

"You got it, bud," Hiccup said as he climbed onto Toothless and buckled himself in. Suddenly Stoick reached up to grab his arm.

"Hiccup. I'm sorryâ€|" Stoick said regretfully. "For everything."

"Yeahâ€|me too," Hiccup replied, equally remorseful.

"You don't have to go up there. I didn't mean to call you cursed. You, or even Rotsen, both of you don't have to prove it that much to me."

"Hey, we're Vikings. It's an occupational hazard."

They exchanged smiles. Finally they had something in common. Stoick pressed his other hand on top of Hiccup's.

"I'm proud to call you my son," Stoick admitted, earning a beam from Hiccup.

"Thanks, dad," Hiccup said as Stoick let go of Hiccup's arm. "Oh, and by the way, Rotsen broke all the locks."

Before Stoick could respond to that, Hiccup spurred Toothless on, charged with his father's slight irritation in him. They rocketed into the sky as Stoick watched, a little angered at what he just heard, but let it slide, just hoping his son and second son would make it out of this. Astrid soon saw Toothless streaking through the sky, gaining altitude.

"He's up!" Astrid announced as she turned to Ruffnut and Tuffnut, who are arguing and throwing punches at each other. "Get Snotlout out of there!"

As usual, the twins fought for the right to save Snotlout who was stranded on the monster dragon after playing whack-a-mole with its eyes, arguing as they race each other to the monster. Snotlout saw the Zippleback diving toward him and dashed down the Red Death's head, running up the end of its horn. As the twins sweep past, both missing him but Luna was able to catch him, thanks to the Timberjack's large wings. Ruff and Tuff eyed each other, surprised and impressed.

"I can't believe that worked," Tuffnut noted.

The Red Death then spotted Astrid and inhaled, preparing to blast. She and her Nadder got caught in the suction, pulled toward the monster's gaping mouth, but a massive blast jolted the Red Death's head sideways. Astrid was thrown clear of its mouth and her Nadder from the projectile of the halted suction. She tumbled through the air, closing in towards the ground before she was suddenly caught by the leg in the mid-air. She looked up to see Toothless with his front

claw holding tight onto her ankle.

"Did you get her?" Hiccup asked.

Toothless looked under him to see Astrid smiling at him, in which he smiled back at her with the toothless grin, making a cooing sound, telling Hiccup that she was fine. They flew over the crowd of Vikings and set Astrid down, mid-run. They circled back to reengage the Red Death, rocketing past the Red Death's head and climbed, higher and higher, meeting up with Rotsen.

"You made it!" He exclaimed loudly as he waved his injured arm weakly.

"Yea, and apparently that thing has wings!" Hiccup told his friend. "Let's see if it can use them after eating up all that mass!"

They flew higher and stopped once they met a certain altitude. They then plummeted, gaining tremendous speed. The wind buffeted them as they target the Red Death at supersonic speed. On cue, Toothless unloaded a fireball against the Red Death's head as Kalos shot his own white fireball. It went down with a rumble as they climbed anew while the Vikings shielded themselves from the dust of the fallen monster as its wings finally unfolded and extended. Once they saw the enraged behemoth rose into frame, flapping its wings furiously, the pair dived into the tangled sea stacks, weaving through the rock like rabbits through a briar. The Red Death snapped at them, but couldn't reach them. Rotsen pulled ahead with Hiccup tailing behind, causing the monster dragon to smash through the canopy of rock and pulled in behind Toothless. He burst through fifty-foot formations like they were saplings as the Vikings continued watching the battle both in excitement and terror.

The two teens realized that they couldn't slow the monster down. Hiccup eyed the clouds above. An idea hits him. He locked eyes with Rotsen.

"Okay, guys, it's time to disappear!"

Toothless and Kalos, feeling their riders feet buckle and tighten to their sides, pulled into a steep climb, heading toward the clouds. The Red Death followed, closing in fast. They heard the sound of gas build-up and narrowly dodged a column of flame and smoke. They reached the low-hanging clouds and pierced through them. The monster followed, immediately losing them in the hampered visibility as it roared irritably. Blending into the darkness thanks to both the dragon's hide, the pair dived at the huge dragon, blasting and puncturing holes in its wing. From the ground's point of view, the sky was littered with the resounding booms and flashes lighting up the clouds.

The pair dived in again and again, using the clouds to hide and surprise as they punctured the monster's wings. The Red Death bellowed in frustration and whirled around, unleashing fire blindly, in all directions in its effort to illuminate the pair and reveal their whereabouts. Hiccup saw the glow of fire cutting towards them.

"Watch out!"

The random blast clipped Toothless' tail, heavily damaging the prosthetic tail.

"Okay, time's up. Let's see if this works," Rotsen shouted as he and Hiccup turned. They flew directly into the Red Death's face, taunting it. "Come on! Is that the best you can do?"

Both dragons uttered an insult too in dragon language, and they jackknifed into a steep dive. The Red Death pursued, hot at their heels, as Toothless pumped his wings, racing faster than he's ever gone before as Rotsen lay closer to Kalos' back increasing their gliding speed. The pair stayed just ahead of the Red Death, no longer trying to evade it. Hiccup glanced back to check the tail and saw that it was disintegrating and knew it was now or never.

"Stay with me, guys. We're good. Just a little bit longer."

The Red Death closed the gap. Hiccup tucked in and held Toothless steady, allowing the monster to set its sights on them.

"Hold," Hiccup said as Toothless and Kalos prepared their ignition gas in their throats. Both dragon riders could almost taste the gas in his own mouth as they waited for what seemed like an eternity, but he held on tight, waiting for the moment.

The Red Death opened its mouth, the familiar gas hiss emanating from its throat. That was the cue.

"NOW!"

Hiccup hit the pedals hard as Toothless extended one wing as Rotsen ducked deeper into Kalos. They pivoted in place, hurtling directly into the Red Death's mouth. Toothless fired point blank down the monster's throat as Kalos shot what seemed like lightening, both igniting the amassing gas and backfiring into the monster, erupting in a chain of blasts throughout its body. Both riders and dragons burst from the clouds, the Red Death hot on their tail, exploding from within. It glanced forward and saw the ground rushing up. It quickly threw open its wings, attempting to put on the brakes, but the punctured, damaged wings couldn't stop its momentum. As the Red Death choked on the expanding fireball, the last thing it saw were both dragons suddenly pulling out of the dive, streaking up, past its head as it hit the ground, head-first, and exploded like the Hindenburg.

The pair weaved through the monster's massive back plates, wings, and flailing legs—a high-speed recall of the free fall slalom run. The expanding fireball raced toward them, about to swallow them, but they managed to clear the obstacles. Rotsen glanced back to see them having outran the fireball, only to look forward just in time to see the monster's massive club tail careening toward them. He tried to shift their direction, dodging it easily but the last shreds of Toothless' tail tore away due to the fire the Red Death shot at before, causing Hiccup's pedals to go dead.

"No! No!"

Hiccup and Toothless couldn't maneuver; they were dead in the air. The giant club tail clipped Toothless, tearing Hiccup from the harness and sending him tumbling against the backdrop of the

fast-approaching fireball. Toothless let out a horrified shriek and struggled with all his might to reach the unconscious Hiccup. They have gotten this far to be together.

"Hiccup!" Rotsen dived off of Kalos, maneuvering himself so he'd make it to Hiccup, grabbing onto him. Both dragons roared in unison as they both dived for their masters, engulfing the four of them into the giant fireball.

\* \* \*

><p>The Vikings watch in horror as Hiccup, Rotsen, Toothless and Kalos disappeared into the boiling inferno. Once the fire died down into a whiteout of ash, Stoick ran through the thick fog ahead of everyone else.<p>

"Hiccup? Rotsen? Boys!" Stoick searched desperately. Everything was scorched. Even the ground was smoking from the terrible heat. "Boys! Sons!"

Through the ash, Stoick saw the motionless silhouette of two black dragons. As the ashy fog cleared a little, he realized that it was Toothless and Kalos. Gravely, he hurried to the dragons' side. Toothless and Kalos were roughed up, but conscious. Their scorched saddles, however, were vacant. Stoick looked everywhere within the dragons' vicinity, but they were nowhere to be found. He looked up to the sky in despair, fearing the worst. Stricken with grief, he buckled at the knees, overwhelmed by the loss.

"Oh boysâ€¦I did thisâ€¦"

Astrid, Luna and the gang pushed through the crowd, their eyes welling up, followed by Gobber. They flanked Stoick as he knelt, slumped over. Behind them, a ring of Vikings formed, keeping a respectful distance. As the dust and smoke cleared, a ring of wild dragons can also be seen, gathering just behind and between the Vikings.

Slowly, both dragons stirred and groggily rolled their head toward Stoick. Their eyes met, just like they did when Stoick rescued Toothless from drowning after coming to a respectable understanding.

"I'm so sorryâ€¦" Stoick said remorsefully, thinking that both dragons were clueless that both boys were gone.

Toothless responded by unfolding his wings, revealing Hiccup, unconscious, clutched safely against his chest. Kalos did the same, revealing a slightly crisped and conscious Rotsen. Stoick's eyes widened.

"Boys!" Stoick exclaimed and scooped both boys into his arms. He held Hiccup's chest close to his ear and listened to his heart, then burst into relieved laughter. "He's alive! You brought him back alive!"

The crowd roared in relief and triumph, followed by the dragons. The Vikings looked around to find themselves surrounded, not sure how they should react to that.

"This is a new levelâ€¦. Of painâ€¦" Rotsen mumbled to himself, his eye lids heavy as he felt his once dislodged arm in immense pain and could feel the burns he got from trying to protect his friend starting to bruise deeper.

"Don't worry boy, we'll get you healed once we get home."

"Wickedâ€¦" the skinny teen mumbled before passing out.

Stoick locked eyes again with both dragons, peering over them. "Thank youâ€¦for saving my sons."

"Well, you knowâ€¦most of them."

Stoick glanced back at Gobber who made that statement, in which Gobber shrugged in a matter-of-fact way.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Hope you guys enjoyed it, please leave a review, favorite and fallow if you want this story to continue. Also this story hasn't ended just yet. We still have one last chapter to go. What do you think happened to Hiccup and Rotsen? What did Gobber intend and how much has the butterfly effect taken, well, effect. All this will be answered in the next and final chapter. See you there!  
<strong>

## 10. Chapter 10: What's Changed

**\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, which belongs to Pixar. I do however own the OCs you will see.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Rotsen jolted straight up in his bed, feeling electricity spark through him. He took in his surroundings, almost getting a heart attack when he heard Kalos huff. He was lying in bed, in his room. Light shown into the room; letting him see his desk, stool, chest and sketches hanging on the walls. Besides him was Kalos, his head nudging agents Rotsen, shocking him again? The skinny teen laughed a little, playfully pushing his companion away before realizing Kalos was in his room, in the middle of the day.<p>

"Buddy, we need to get you outta," He was cut off by Kalos, making a low growl and making him stay in bed. "Kalos, what's wrong?"

He rubbed his scale friend's head, trying to get him to calm down. He stopped when he heard footsteps behind his door. Rotsen tried to get up, wanting to try and hide Kalos if it was Stoick or Gobber or anyone else but stopped when Kalos kept him down, using his head,

"Kalos," Rotsen hissed at his friend, starting to get desperate, "let me just,"

He stopped when he saw Luna walk in, opening the door slowly as if she was scared to see what was happening. Rotsen started to relax but soon panic, not remembering what had happened before. "Luna, don't



scream,"

"Why would I scream?" She asked him as she walked in, the roles of cloth and some other medical supplies now visible.

The raven haired teen looked quickly to the archer and back to his dragon, doing a double take. He had a confused look as he tried to figure out why she wasn't screaming and running out of the house yelling for back up.

"Y-you're notâ€¦ what the hell's going onâ€¦?" He finally gave up, running a hand through his static hair.

"You don't remember what happened in Helhiem's Gate?"

"Helhiem's Gateâ€¦" Rotsen mumbled, looking down at his sheets, trying to remember. It took a moment before waves of memories washed over him. Toothless being capture, their plan, the Red Death, his and Hiccup's dive. Waitâ€¦ Hiccup.

"W-what happened to Hiccup?" The teen asked urgently, trying to get out of bed again. This time both Luna and Kalos held him back down, trying to get him to calm down. "What happened to Stoick and everyone?"

"There fine," Luna answered smoothly and sweetly, slightly calming him. "Everyone's fine. You and Hiccup though have the worst out of all of us."

"W-what do you mean?" The teen readjusted himself, feeling a pinching pain now in his back, legs and particularly in his head. He winced from the pain, grabbing his head and closing his eyes tight.

Kalos let out a low rumble, almost a purring sound, and laid his head over his partner's lap. Luna rummaged through her supplies and pulled out a small piece of iron plating, polished to be able to act like a mirror. She waited until he was okay before giving him the plate.

"You practically took a whole explosion to your back. Not to mention with Kalos diving after you, after all he is a Skrill, the electricity he had surging through him just game out through his body and onto you and Hiccup."

As the archer spoke the dragon rider studied his reflection in disbelief. He saw his face cut up in small areas and burned marks. What caught his attention was his right eye. Instead of it being its normal dark brown color it looked almost bloodshot and reddish gray. He could see the veins in his eye were irritated, causing it to look bloodshot but it didn't explain why his eye color had changed.

"Gobber said the heat and electricity had damaged you pretty bad. He's unsure if your eye could go back to normal. Plus there's their torso,"

"What about it?" Rotsen's throat felt dry as he spoke, still studding his eye, lightly touching the corner with his free hand.

"I have to change your bandages sooner or later, so I guess you'll

find out." Kalos lowly purred again, removing his head and resting on the other side of the room, use to the routine of Luna's medical procedures.

She motioned Rotsen to scoot forward, to give her room to work. He obliged, ignoring the pain in his torso and thighs. Once there was a decent amount of distance between his back and the head board Luna sat in the room with her supplies. She helped remove Rotsen's tunic to reveal bandages wrapped around his forearms, stomach, back and his right shoulder blade.

Luna started with his forearms, unwrapping them and placing the old cloth away from the clean ones. Rotsen glanced at his arm, seeing scars litter his skin. It in the same pattern Vikings would get if they survived being struck by lightning. When she was done wrapping the new cloth she started with the other arm, which also had the same scarring. When she was done unwrapping the cloth on his stomach he saw light purple bruises, made by Kalos when he caught him. On his back and shoulder blade were the familiar lightning scars mixed with bruises and scars from third degree burns.

"Y'know, what you did was pretty stupid," Luna told him as she started to replace those bandages.

"I know," he mumbled, admitting his falter.

"And impulsive,"

"Yes it was,"

"And horrifying,"

"Sorry,"

"And insane,"

"Sorry again,"

"But it was brave,"

"Again, sorâ€¦ wait what?" The dragon rider looked back to the archer, having a puzzled look.

"It was brave. You didn't know if you were going to make it or not but you took the risk. Show's how much you care about Hiccup."

"I'd do anything to help my family. Hell, I'd do the same if it was you." His face grew slightly red as he admitted his actions.

"Really now?" She raised an eyebrow and small smirk. "You'd really do that?"

His face grew redder, as did Luna's but only slightly. "Yeah, I-I mean, I care about you." He gave her a tender smile, her smirk softening to match his smile.

He started to lean back towards her slightly, as she did the same. The two kept their eyes locked as they did so. When there was barely an inch of space separating them Kalos let out a large and mood killing belch. His sign of him being hungry.

The two winced as they drew their faces away, looking at Kalos. Rotsen had a mix of annoyance and amusement from the belch. He let a laugh escape as he winced, realizing it hurt him to laugh.

"He's hungry," the dragon rider couldn't help but state the obvious. He didn't know what to do now after that outburst.

"He must be, I haven't fed him since morning." Luna slipped off the bed and headed out of the room in a hurried fashion.

When Rotsen knew she was out of ear shot he grabbed his pillow and threw it at Kalos when his back was turned. The dragon twitched when the pillow made contact to him and he let out a playful hiss at his rider, raising an eyebrow at him.

"Mood killerâ€|" he grumbled, ignoring the back pain as he dropped back onto his pillow-less bed.

\* \* \*

><p>"Easy there," Luna said smoothly to Rotsen as she helped him step out of his house. It's been over a week after he gotten up after the battle and he saw the rapid change in the village. Villagers keeping peace with dozens of dragons and a goblet of sorts in the center of the village where fish filled it to the rim for dragons to eat from.<p>

"I got it," Rotsen mumbled under his breath, trying not to fall. He was having a little trouble with his staff as a makeshift cane. Gobber had made him a special brace â€"it was originally a medically designed corset but he changed its names for manly reasons- to help his back and his legs were still slightly paralyzed thanks to Kalos' original shock.

"If you got this then why are you gripping onto my arm?"

The dragon rider winced a little realizing he was actually holding onto Luna's arm a little too tight and let go, releasing he was having some more trouble. He sucked up his pride and placed his hand back, sighing. "Okay, I need help."

Luna giggled, nudging her elbow on his arm, trying to get him to feel better. She successfully gotten him to laugh, making him feel better. The two had planned to go to Hiccup's house to check up on him. Kalos was with them when they left the house but he flew off to who knows where. Rotsen didn't need to worry anymore since the Village was okay with dragons and he knew Kalos would come back.

When they were at the door Rotsen was about to open the door, but he stumbled backwards, successfully moving his staff behind him to keep himself from falling backwards. Luna stepped back, helping Rotsen do the same as they watched Hiccup stumble out of his home. He looked tired and flabbergasted when he saw the new village. He took everything in a moment's notice and mumbled loud enough for them to hear. "I knew it. I died."

"We both almost did!" Rotsen semi-yelled at his friend, grinning a little that his mind was at ease now.

Hiccup looked much whiter than normal and his face was a little scratched up on his chin. His tunic was a little bulged, obviously telling them he too had bandages under them. There was cloth wrapped around one of his hands and his legs seemed to be fine excepting for his left leg. It had a thick ring of cloth around it and a prophetic foot.

"You both gave it your best shot," Stoick laughed, catching the three by surprise and putting an arm around both scrawny teens, steadying them. He gestured to the village. "So? What do you think?"

"Wowâ€¦" Hiccup breathed, amazed. "Whatâ€¦? What happenedâ€¦? What did you do?"

"Nothing much, really," Luna answered, filling in the hole in their information. "At the battle when you blacked out up in the sky Rotsen made a stupid move and dived for you without Kalos. Toothless and Kalos then dived for you guys pretty roughly cause you guys were both gonna fall into an explosion. Kalos electrocuted you pretty bad when he dived and Toothless it gave Toothless some time to dive faster after you two and grab Hiccup with his back legs but his claws dug too deep into his flesh. There was no way for his foot to heal. After that the whole village was already convinced enough that the dragons were not a threat. All we had to do was tell everyone here and the elders what happened. Don't worry, me and the others explained how to ride them rather than killing them."

"You mean you guys and Astrid?"

"Yup, and the rest just slowly fell into place." Stoick said proudly, filling in the rest now. "The older Vikings were a little apprehensive and a little resistant to change, but the young ones adapted to it like ducks in water." Stoick smiled as the villagers took notice of both Hiccup's and Rotsen's presence and surrounded them with a hero's welcome. "Turned out all we needed was a little more ofâ€¦" he gestured non-specifically at the two boys,"â€¦ that."

"You just gestured to all of us," Hiccup said humorously, playing along with him, leaving Rotsen confused.

"Well, most of you," Gobber said as he pushed through the crowd, beaming proudly. "That's a bit of my handiwork. With a little Hiccup flare thrown in. Think it do?"

"I might make a few tweaks." Hiccup replied in a bittersweet tone, coming to terms with his condition slowly.

"You have no idea how close I was to get my hands on you boy," Gobber said to Rotsen, gesturing to his color changed eye and back. "Could've made a stronger back, maybe some new legs if those don't get better."

"We'll see 'bout that." Rotsen said jokingly and started to speak like a grouchy elder. "Besides, I don't know who got the short end of the stick. Me with my bad back, legs, eye and hair or Hiccup's foot."

"Thank you for summing that up," Hiccup rolled his eyes as everyone laughed humorously at Rotsen's wise-cracking. Astrid appeared through

the crowd and jabbed Hiccup in the arm. Hiccup recoiled with a grumble.

"\_That's \_for scaring me."

"What, is it always going to be this way? Cause Iâ€|" Hiccup's protests were cut off when she grabbed the scruff of his shirt and aggressively but at the same time gently laid a kiss on his lips. Several 'Ohh~' and dog whistles followed. Rotsen looked over to Luna, having a warm smile as he slipped his free hand into Luna's making her take her attention from what Astrid and look at him. Her face was red as was his as they looked back to what was going on, leaving their hands there. "â€| I could get used to it."

After a heartfelt tug between the four's hearts, Gobber presented Hiccup with a rebuilt saddle, rigging, and tail.

"Welcome home," Gobber said, earning a thankful smile from Hiccup.

Toothless soon pounced on the crowd, crushing several unsuspecting Vikings under his weight. He eyed at the new tail excitedly, tongue wagging. Amidst the groans and grumbles, Hiccup, Astrid, Luna and Rotsen exchanged an amused grin.

"Anyone up for a ride?" Rotsen asked.

"I'm all up for it," Hiccup answered.

"Are you sure?" Stoick asked, a little worried. "You just got out of bed and Rotsen, you still got that back and legs to worry about."

"Don't worry, Stoick," Gobber eased Stoick's worries. "He had a whole week to recover and Rotsen's a strong boy. Besides, they got Toothless and Kalos."

"And us," Luna and Astrid said simultaneously, assuring Stoick.

"Alright," Stoick sighed relented.

Hiccup was soon on Toothless, his prosthetic foot snapping into the modified stirrup. The two pieces clicked together, forming a single shape. Astride Toothless, he was and felt whole again. He rotated the pedal to test it and the new tail opened, revealing it to be bright red with a skull and Viking horns emblazoned on it. Hiccup smiled, approving of the design. As the pair saddled up and ready to fly, Astrid quickly backed her Nadder into position, joined by the rest of the gang who were waiting for them in mid-air. Kalos and Luna's Timberjack â€"who she simply named Jack-, landed smoothly to their riders. The two let go of each other's hands as they went on their dragons. Rotsen clocked his staff into place of his saddle, surprised it was still working.

"You ready?" Hiccup asked back to the three.

Toothless snorted an excited 'yes', his ears twitching impatiently as the other cried out with their own yes.

From his mount, Hiccup looked out over the changed world. Taking a deep breath, he debated a little in his mind as to how long this would last. But for now, he knew he and Rotsen were finally going to live with the lives they'd been striving for, knowing they would always be together with their friends.

Till the end of time.

**\*\*AND THE END! Cue the credits! Cue the fireworks and dancing monkeys! This has been Wonder, my first completely finished story! Leave a review on what you all think of the story overall and I hope to see you guys in my other stories.\*\***

**\*\*And by the way, the only reason why I kept Hiccup losing his leg is because I thought it be the best if he didn't have it. Hiccup is Hiccup without it so I felt it didn't felt right if I let him keep his foot.\*\***

**\*\*See yea later!\*\***

End  
file.